# THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIII. NO. 9. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1894.—THIRTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## THE "SOUP HOUSE" PARTY.

### Further Excoriation of the English Free Trade Heresy, Preached by the Alleged Democratic Leaders.

### The Hon. A. L. Morrison Heaps Upon Their Heads Proof Upon Proof of the Fatal Consequences of Low Tariff.

PART III.

"This theory (Protection) is wholly un-American, and its failure in practice is the great cause of existing dissatisfaction." It would be difficult, in the entire range of the English language, to find a sentence which contains so much ignorance or so much mendacity as the above. It is hardly credible that any man claiming to be an American, could so utterly misrepresent the plainest facts in our history, or could be carried so far from the truth, by party prejudice, as to place himself in open hostility with the makers, the defenders and the preservers of the Republic, but this is just what Gen. McMahon and his party have done and are now doing. If the authorities cited and the names given in my last letter do not prove this charge beyond cavil nothing on earth can be proved. Now, let us see whether this theory carried into practice has failed, and if its failure is the cause of existing dissatisfaction. I have already shown how near utter ruin Free Trade brought the young Republic under the imbecile Confederacy, and how miraculously prosperity and content followed the enactment of the Madison Protective Tariff law of 1789. With a few changes, mainly consisting in extending the schedules and increasing the duties, the above act continued in force for twenty-three years.

England, in the meantime, had been chafing over her great defeat. She had not yet become reconciled to her tremendous loss, and still cherished the vain hope of reclaiming her revolted colonies. It is a well known fact that during the Free Trade years of the Confederacy she recouped herself for all her financial losses of the Revolution. This was gratifying to her avarice but not to her pride, and during the disastrous years referred to, it was strongly believed that her minions were busily engaged in hatching conspiracies against the new government. The tariff act, by barring out her products, gave the infant enterprises of America an opportunity to expand, and by supplying employment to the industrious classes, removed the causes of discontent. Thus the business of the English conspirator was gone, but the old money resources were not exhausted, and soon a system of irritating insults and annoyances was inaugurated. The insolent old doctrine: "Once a subject always a subject" was strenuously insisted on, and the insulting "right of search" and other indignities at last brought on the war of 1812. At the very beginning of the war. duties were almost doubled. Simultaniously with this action, England blockaded all our ports and thus instead of a high tariff we enjoyed a prohibitory one.

This was another of England's blunders, as it compelled our people in self-defense to start new enterprises, erect factories, foundries, mills and workshops of their own, and notwithstanding the strain of the war, we made rapid progress in national and manufacturing wealth during that period. Madison says it was then (when by England's stupid policy we were closed up within our own land and unable to get a pound of foreign manufactures) that native industry and enterprise made their most useful and gratifying progress. Unhappily, the increase of the duties in 1812 were limited to the close of the war, and in 1816 they were reduced again and the grand old tariff of 1789 was repealed. Although England was not yet ready to declare for Free Trade, she was very anxious to get it, or its equivalent, low tariff, with us. When the war was over she found America largely supplying her own wants, her market here was almost gone and her warehouses were glutted with unsold goods. Something must be done and that rapidly or her American market would be lost forever, and the same game which she played so successfuly from 1782 to 1789 and several times since was resorted to. So she resolved to flood America with her surplus products. Lord, then Mr. Brougham, in the English house of commons in 1816 said: "It is well worth while to incur a loss on the first exportation, in order, by the glut to stifle in the cradle, those infant manufactures in the United States, which the war has forced into existence." This policy was at once adopted, goods were actually poured into our ports far below cost. Americans could not compete with these ruinous prices. What followed? Why, what has always followed the Democratic policy of low tariff; bankruptcy, financial ruin and business prostration.

Niles, in his history, says: "It is notorious that great sums of money were expended by the British to destroy our flocks of sheep that they might thereby ruin our manufactories. They bought up and immediately slaughtered great numbers of sheep; they bought our best machinery and sent it off to England, and hired our best mechanics and most skillful workmen to go to England, simply to get them out of this country, and so hinder and destroy our existing and prospective manufactures."

Benton (Old Bullion) thus tersely and powerfully sums up the situation: "No price for property; no sales except those of the sheriff and marshal; no purchasers at execution sales except the creditor, or some hoarder of money; no employment for industry; no demand for labor; no sale for the products of the farm; no sound of the hammer except that of the auctioneer knocking down property."

Horace Greeley says of this period: "At the close of the second war with England, peace found this country dotted with furnaces and factories which had sprung up under the precarious protection of embargo and war. These not yet firmly established, found themselves suddenly exposed to a relentless and determined foreign competition."

Henry Clay declared that the average depression in the value of property, under that state of things, was not less than fifty per cent.

The disastrous condition of the country continued until the people were driven almost to desperation, but at last they determined that a change must be had. Congress met in 1823, and President Monroe for the second time urged the adoption of addition duties upon imported duties. Democrats claim that Mr. Monroe was one of the leaders of their party. If he was they have ceased following him long ago, because he urged the passage of a protective tariff and our modern Democrats solemnly declare that Protection is unconstitutional. Upon the president's recommendation a new tariff bill was introduced in January, 1824.

To give an idea of the fierce opposition of the then new Democratic Free Traders to the protective tariff of 1824 I give an extract from a speech of John Randolph, one of the ablest of the Democratic leaders of that time. After showing the great advantages of Great Britain in manufacturing, he added: "It is in such a climate only that the human animal can bear, without extirpation, the corrupted air, the noisome exhalations, the incessant labors of these accursed, for it is an accursed thing. We should have the yellow fever from June to January, from January to June. The climate of this country, alone, were there no other obstacles to it, says aloud, 'You shall not manufacture.'"

Here was a man of Gen. McMahon's own heart. There was no nonsense about his opposition. He did not believe "in growing oranges," as the General says, "in Massachusetts." But on the other hand, Andrew Jackson was one of the strongest advocates of the bill, and the bill passed. Now, let us see the result. In December, 1832, Jackson, in his annual message referring to the act of 1824 and the still higher protective tariff of 1828, said: "Our country presents, on every side, marks of prosperity and happiness, unequalled, perhaps, in any other portion of the world."

Webster, in 1832, speaks thus exultingly: "The relief to the country, attained through these tariffs of 1824 and 1828, was profound and general, reaching all classes—the farmer, the manufacturer, the ship-owner, the mechanic, and the day laborer. The change was as great as was wrought when Hamilton smote the rock of public credit and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth."

And Henry Clay, speaking in the United States senate, in 1832, about this period, said: "On a general survey we behold cultivation extended; the arts flourishing; the face of the country improved; our people fully and profitably employed; the public countenance exhibiting tranquility, contentment and happiness; its public debt of two wars nearly redeemed, and, to crown all, the public treasury overflowing. If the term of seven years were to be selected of the greatest prosperity which this people has enjoyed since the establishment of their present constitution, it would be exactly that period of seven years which immediately followed the passage of the tariff of 1824."

Gov. McKinley, referring to the Free Trade Jeremiads of 1824, says: "None of these awful prophecies were fulfilled; none of these dire results ensued. The Nation was not palsied, but quickened into new life. The merchants did not move out of their piles of stores and dwelling houses, they remained only to require larger and finer and more costly ones; the poorer classes were not driven to cold water as their only food and diet, but their labor was in greater demand and their wages advanced in price. The entire country under the tariff, moved on to higher triumphs in industrial progress, and to a higher and better destiny for all its people."

Here are Democrats, Whigs and Republicans of high standing in the councils of their respective parties, differing on every other political question but agreeing like one man on the ruinous effects of Free Trade and the benign and blessed results of Protection. But this letter is already too long and I must save further proofs for my next.

A. L. MORRISON.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY, }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

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## IRISH MUSIC.

### Interesting Discourse on the Subject By Mr. Alfred Percival Graves In Dublin.

### Some Account of the Fileas and Ollamhs Of the Olden Tribes.

Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, M. A., had the honor of lecturing before a most aristocratic West End audience at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in Albermarle street, Piccadilly. The lecture theatre was filled in every part with ladies and gentlemen in evening dress when the secretary of the Irish Literary Society of London rose to deliver his discourse on the interesting topic of "Old Irish Song." Many prominent figures in the London musical and literary world were present, and a very large proportion of the audience were ladies well known in the highest circles of London society. The lecture was illustrated by songs admirably sung by Miss Liza Leahmann and Mademoiselle Marie Brema. Miss Mabel Martin performed on the Irish harp, and Mr. Waddington Cooke accompanied on the piano-forte.

In his introductory observations the lecturer said that great had been the decline in the honor paid to the poetical and musical arts in Erin. In her dim legendary dawn, traditions told them that the bards, the undoubted ancestors of our hedge poets and street ballad singers, had their classes, privileges and distinctions. Upon only two of these classes would there be time to touch that night, namely, the Fileas and musical bards. The Fileas were picturesquely described by Mr. Alfred M. Williams, the American critic, in his "Poets and Poetry of Ireland": They were in constant attendance upon the chief, celebrated his valor, and sang his personal praises. Surrounded by the Orsidigh, or instrumental musicians, who fulfilled the function of a modern military band, they watched his progress in battle for the purpose of describing his feats of arms, composed birthday odes and epithalmia, aroused the spirits of the clansmen with war songs, and lamented the dead in the *caoines* or keens, which are still heard in the wilder and more primitive regions of Ireland. The bard, among other privileges, wore a tartan with only one shade of color less than that upon the king's robes, and his assassination involved a blood penalty inferior only to the royal eric. But before attaining such high honors he had to satisfy the moral requirements of the "purity of hand, bright without wounding; purity of mouth without poisonous satire; purity of learning without reproach, purity as husband in wedlock;" or, as it may be versified:

Hands clean of treachery's coward blow;
Lips pure of satire's poisoned flow;
Knowledge that nothing base doth know:
And love unsullied as the snow.

Moreover, the bard had to pass a decidedly arduous courtship of the Muse before he was entitled to claim her favor. Indeed, some writers stated that, like the patriarch, he had to serve seven years for her, committing to memory an almost incredible number of earlier compositions, and giving the closest study to the laws of verse before he could become a poet on his own account. The laws of Irish verse were the most complicated ever invented, not only limiting the sense within the stanza, but fixing the amount of the alliteration and the number of syllables in each line, to say nothing of assonantal requirements. Irish "direct metre" has been despairingly pronounced by a leading Irish grammarian as the most difficult kind of verse under the sun. Prof. Atkinson declared Irish verse to be "the most perfectly harmonious combination of sounds that the world has ever known." O'Curry says that "at this time the poets become more troublesome and importunate than ever. They traveled about the country in companies of thirty, composed of pupils and teachers, and each company had a silver pot called "the pot of averice," having chains of bronze attached to it by gold hooks. It was suspended from the points of the spears of nine of the company, which were thrust through the links at the other ends of the chains. Into it was put whatever gold or silver they received while the poem was being chanted. If their minstrelsy was well received and adequately paid for they left their blessing behind them in verse; if it was not, they satirized their audience in the most virulent terms in their poetic vocabulary. To the satire of an Irish bard there still clung in the popular belief the mystic attributes of the Druid—a fatal malignity. At the time of the conversion of Ireland to the Christian faith the bards were supposed to number a third of the male population, and in 590 A. D. a synod was held at Drumkeat by Ard, King of Ulster, which greatly reduced their forces. Indeed, such was the popular irritation against them that had it not been for the friendly intervention of St. Columbkille they would probably have been banished altogether. The Filea, no doubt, was a minstrel as well as a poet in the first instance, but in the course of time there appeared to have been a further bardic differentiation, and perfection in the three musical feats or three styles of playing gave the dignity of Ollamb, or doctor of music, to the professors of the harp.

Three musical feats were well described in a weird old folk tale—Lugh, (the Tuatha de Danaan King), and the Daghda (their great chief and Druid) and Ogma (their bravest champion), followed the Fomorions and their leader from the battlefield of Moyturah, because they carried off the Daghda's harper, Uaithne by name. The pursuers reached the banquet-house of the Fomorion chiefs and there found Breas, the son of Uathan, and Elathan, the son of Delbath, and also the Daghda's harp hanging upon the wall. This was the harp in which the music was spell-bound, so that it would not answer when called forth, until the Daghda evoked it with the following words: "Come, my harp, give utterance to thy musical modes, the modes of spring, summer and winter." The harp came forth from the wall then, and killed nine persons in its passage, and, reaching the Daghda, he played for them. He played the three musical feats which give distinction to a harper, namely, *quantree* (which, from its deep murmuring, caused sleep); the *gentree* (which from its merriment, caused laughter); and the *goltree* (which, from its melting plaintiveness, caused weeping). He played the *goltree* until the women cried, the *gentree* until the women and youths burst into laughter, and the *quantree* untill the whole host fell asleep—and thus did the three champions escape from the Fomorians, who would have slain them. This passage the lecturer regarded as of threefold interest. It indicated the popular belief in the introduction of music into Ireland by the Tuatha de Danaas, a mysterious race evidently with Greek affinities, whom tradition declares to have conquered and civilized the country, and then to have disappeared from it into fairyland. Again it contains the first reference in Irish literature to the harp or cruit, destined to be our national instrument. Lastly, it describes the three styles of Irish music, of each of which we have characteristic examples that have descended to the present day. The quantree, which provoked mirth and frolic and excited spirit, was represented by the jigs, reels, planxtics and pleracas or festival songs, and the quick step marches. The goltree, or sorrowful music, still lingers in the keens or lamentations, and some of the superb marches of the wilder and sadder type. The quantree survives in many a beautiful Irish hush song and lullaby. An anonymous writer in 1816 noted an interesting point of agreement in the structure of Irish melodies. They are formed, he says, of four strains of equal length, the first soft, pathetic and subdued; the second ascending in the scale, becomes more bold, energetic and impassioned; and the third, a repetition of the second, is sometimes a little varied and more florid, and leads generally by a graceful and melancholy passage to the fourth, which is always a repetition of the first. To this model may be referred "The Harp that Once."

Space does not permit of following the lecturer through his able and critical examination of the construction of Irish music. This was illustrated to the deep interest of the audience by Miss Liza Lehmann singing "The Foggy Dew," Mme. Marie Bremas' rendering of "Emer's Farewell to Cuchullin," and, at a later period, a stirring battle hymn against the plundering Danes. Miss Lehmann also sang as another example, "The Little Red Lark," and Mdlle. Brema another martial, spirit-stirring air, "The March of the Maguire," in which the words occur—

But tomorrow your sword
More terrific shall sweep
On your foes' monstrous horde,
Than the storm o'er the deep.

The whole is poetically given with a vivid description of the warring elements in nature. Miss Lehmann and a chorus, in conclusion, gave a sample of lively music in "One Sunday after Mass." The artistes were warmly applauded, and Miss Mabel Martin, who performed in some of the Irish selections on the harp, was also warmly appreciated. A word of praise should also be accorded to Mr. Waddington Cooke for his brilliant accompaniments, and solo piano-forte performances upon a magnificent instrument. The lecturer concluded by stating, amid hearty applause, that the music was in reality an emanation direct from the hearts of the Celtic people, and it formed a body of National melody superior to that of any other nation in the world.—*Irish Daily Independent.*

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You can get these at the Michigan Central Ticket Office, No. 67 Clark st., or by addressing, with remittance, Frank J. Bramhall, Advertising Agent Michigan Central, 402 Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill.

**Jack's Opera House.**

Dull business seems to be a thing quite unknown at Sam T. Jack's Opera House, probably because a dull show is never permitted to occupy its stage. This week Colonel Jack's great big extravaganza company is keeping large audiences on the roar with laughter over the funny farcical burlesque "A Seaside Belle" and "Four Married Men"—scapegraces, all of them. The Deline sisters, recently imported by Col. Jack from the Folies Bergeres, Paris, do one of the cleverest acts ever seen on the American variety stage, and the new features are Eddie Leslie, Smith and Campbell, and clever Maud Raymond. The company numbers over half a hundred people, and all the old favorites are retained in addition to the novelties announced.

## A PROTESTANT VIEW

### Of the Roman Catholic Church Eloquently Given by the Rev. Dr. Parker of Hartford, Conn.

### He Finds in It Much that Deserves Praise, and Thinks that Protestants Who Hate Catholics Are Not Christians.

At the South church last evening the Rev. Dr. E. P. Parker made an address on "Some Aspects of the Roman Catholic Church." Dr. Parker said that the Roman Catholic church presented manifold aspects to him. He was impressed with its administration and organization, its faith and worship and its missionary enterprises. His purpose was to say a few things about the church in view of what seemed to him unreasonable, perhaps, and unfounded aspersions on the church on the part of some Protestants. He said that in his boyhood he shared the common fear and dislike of Catholics, but that long ago he was emancipated from that view. He believed it to be a true church of Christ, not the true church to the exclusion of others, not, from his view, a perfect church. The Roman Catholic church has many serious imperfections, "but," said Dr. Parker, "I know not of any which is perfect. There are dark names written on the pages of the church, but there are also the records of heroes and martyrs. The pages of its history are bright with the names of noble men. I love to think how out of that church have come many of the most precious things which we prize in our worship, our hymns, tunes, prayers, sermons, meditations, etc. If what has come to us from it were to be eradicated from our worship, there would be little left that's good, and of the book of common prayer but little beside the covers."

It was not made to order but is the outgrowth of love and faith in Christ. He doubted if there was any nobler record than that of her missionaries, frequently sealed with their blood. There is another and darker side to the church, but why dwell on that? Protestantism has its dark side also. It has burned and beheaded for faith's sake. The dark story of the treatment of Roman Catholics in this country previous to the War of the Revolution when it was found politic to treat them differently, hangs over our heads. Let the dead past bury its dead. Let the broad mantle of our charity cover us all, so that we can say from the Roman liturgy, "Remember not Lord our offenses, nor the offenses of our forefathers."

Dr. Parker gave instances of Romanists who hated Protestants, but they were Romanists only in name and said Protestants who hated Roman Catholicism might be Protestants but they were not Christians. He considered the present Pope to be the wisest and best man who had occupied that position for centuries. Dr. Parker said that he rejoiced with all his heart that Dr. Tierney had been promoted and he congratulated the people of Hartford that he was to be elevated to the episcopate this week. "He's a noble, devout and loyal Christian, and when recently in response to my congratulations he saluted me as 'Your brother in Christ,' I knew he meant it. We respect each other and ought to be on terms of Christian friendship.

"Some say that the old dominating spirit of the church will assert itself when it gets a chance, but I don't believe it. It wouldn't if it could and it couldn't if it would. The old conditions have gone by forever. The Reformation has done as much for the Roman Catholic church as for us, and the world has moved on upward until religious tolerance is regarded as a part of modern faith. Some shake their heads at the beautiful edifices the Catholics are erecting everywhere, but if they spend $1,000 where we give $100, I for one honor them for it, if they are willing to support them. Whatever I may think of their judgment, I do admire their devotion. They are loyal, and their unity, harmony and corporate power rebuke us. They have an adaptability to gather all classes together in one grand worship and when we can so appeal through eyes and ears to the noble and peasant, the civilian and soldier, the rich and poor, the young and old, the learned and ignorant, as they do, we shall have advanced a great way."

Dr. Parker dwelt at length upon the good influences of the Roman Catholic church upon the foreign element and speculated on what might have been their condition without some adequate moral and spiritual control. The Irish in America owe everything to the church, more than they are aware of. Who ever heard of an Irish Catholic anarchist, a nihilist or ultra-socialist? The Roman Catholic church is a mighty bulwark: she holds her people in martial array for the faith. She stands as a powerful witness for truth and faith. She believes in something and testifies to it. She believes in many things we do not, but she does not bow down and worship idols, and behind it all is the groundwork of Christian faith. Said Dr. Parker: "I find myself more closely allied to the Roman Catholic church than to many Protestants, who by their rationalist belief have taken away my Lord. I could worship with them with some pauses."

Dr. Parker described the wonderful influence the music of the church had had on him when he heard some grand services in Europe, and said he blessed God for the noble influences of the church music. Some feared the influence of her temporal power, but he did not. The temporal power of the Pope has passed forever, and he believed that the vast majority of priests and laymen were glad of it. He controverted the idea that a Roman Catholic was bound first to serve the Pope. Any Pope would be repudiated who required it. This assertion is an insult to the loyalty and intelligence of Roman Catholics. They have proved their loyalty in this country and the Irish Catholics in Ireland have shown in Home Rule, by following Protestant leaders, that they are not tied down by the church. Loyal to the church, they are free in civil affairs.

Dr. Parker announced that he had no fears about the school question. The Roman Catholics are too small numerically even were they disposed to interfere with the system. Dr. Parker referred to the *American Citizen*, Roman Catholic organ, as opposed to a division of school money, and read from a letter from Theodore Roosevelt to its editor in approval of its course. True Americanism is as foreign to Knownothingism as possible.

Regarding the A. P. A., Dr. Parker said that he knew but little about it, but so far as it was an organization to stir up prejudice, race or religions, he was opposed to it. The American who did not belong to some alphabetically designated society was a curiosity, and he was that curiosity. He denounced the utterances against the Roman Catholic church which appeared in a paper regularly sent to him by some one he did not know, and said that if a paper should so abuse his religion and people, his blood would boil with indignation. Is it strange that Roman Catholics should grow indignant at such attacks upon them? "As between the Roman Catholics and some Protestants," said Dr. Parker, "I stand up to be counted with the Roman Catholics; they are my friends." Dr. Parker indorsed certain liberal resolutions passed at the last general association of Congregational ministers in 1893, which he said he was proud of. In conclusion Dr. Parker said: "This is the first time I have spoken on the subject in this way and it may be the last, but I felt it to be my duty. My fellowship is with the whole Church of Christ, not with the Roman Catholic church, but they are members of the Church of Christ. I am bound to [illegible] gether, politically and religiously, in these days of liberality of thought and action. God bless the movement and hasten the time when we shall come eye to eye and see Him as He is."—*Hartford Courant, Feb. 19.*

**FUNERAL OF FATHER CARR.**

At the funeral of Father Arthur J. Carr, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Rochelle, Ill., who died on Monday at St. Elizabeth's hospital of paralysis, Father Fitzgerald celebrated the mass in the Church of the Holy Family. Father Scanlan, of the Cathedral, and Father Flaherty, of Rockford, Ill., assisted. There were brief funeral services at the house, No. 405 West Taylor street, preceding those at the church. Many persons from St. Paul, Milwaukee, Rockford and Rochelle attended. The pallbearers were: D. Kelley, Daniel Wall, Michael Garrighty, Wm. O'Connell, Patrick Anderson and William A. Wheeler. Father Mahoney was master of ceremonies.

**Removal.**

The offices of the American Building, Loan and Imvestment Society have been removed from the Owings Building to Room No. 59 Hartford Building, corner of Madison and Dearborn streets, Chicago. W. K. SULLIVAN, Receiver.

**John Beegan.**

The attention of members of the A. O. H. and other societies is called to the regalia house of John Beegan, No. 228 South Halsted street, where uniforms, banners and designs for all societies can be obtained at the lowest prices.

**The Complexion of a Chinese**

Is not yellower than that of an unfortunate individual whose liver complaint has assumed the chronic form. The eyeballs of the sufferer assume a saffron hue, there is dull pain in the region of the organ affected, the tongue is coated, breath sour, sick headaches usually but not always occur, and there is sometimes dizziness on arising from a sitting posture. Constipation and dyspepsia are also attendants of this very common ailment, always in its aggravated form, liable to breed abscesses of the liver, which are very dangerous. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters wholly eradicates it, as well as the troubles complicated with it and which it originates. In chills and fever, a complaint which always yields to the Bitters, the liver is seriously involved. This fine alterative tonic removes costiveness and indigestion, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble and debility.

**Something Interesting to Every Family.**

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the best Minnesota flour and pure [illegible] its own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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# TUBBER DERG.

## The Misfortunes and Triumphs of Owen McCarthy, an Irish Tenant Farmer.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

Owen had now reached the verge of the graveyard, without the symptoms of change. Some persons had, for the purpose of building, thrown down one of its most picturesque walls. Still its ruins clothed with ivy, its mullions moss-covered, its gothic arches and tracery, gray with age, were the same in appearance as he had ever seen them.

On entering this silent palace of Death, he reverently uncovered his head, blessed himself, and, with feelings deeply agitated, sought the grave of his beloved child. He approached it; but a sudden transition from sorrow to indignation took place in his mind, even before he reached the spot on which she lay. "Sacred Mother!" he exclaimed, "who has dared to bury in our ground? Who has—what villain has attimpted to come in upon the McCarthys—upon the McCarthy Mores, of Tubber Derg? Who could—had I no friend to prev——eh? Sacred Mother, what's this? Father of heaven forgive me! Forgive me, sweet Savior, for this bad feelin' I got into! Who—who—could raise a headstone over the darlin' o' my heart, widout one of us knowin' it! Who—who could do it? But let me see if I can make it out. Oh, who could do this blessed thing, for the poor an' the sorrowful?"

He began, and with difficulty read as follows:

> "Here lies the body of Alice McCarthy, the beloved daughter of Owen and Kathleen McCarthy, aged 9 years. She was descended from the McCarthy Mores. Requiescat in pace.
>
> "This headstone was raised over her by Widow Murray, and her son, James Murray, out of grateful respect for Owen and Kathleen McCarthy, who never suffered the widow and orphan, or a distressed neighbor, to crave assistance from them in vain, until it pleased God to visit them with affliction."

"Thanks to you, my Savior!" said Owen, dropping on his knees over the grave—"thanks an' praise be to your holy name, that in the middle of my poverty—of all my poverty—I was not forgotten! nor my darlin' child let to lie widout honor in the grave of her family! Make me worthy, blessed Heaven, of what is written down upon me here! An' if the departed spirit of her that honored the dust of my buried daughter is unhappy, oh, let her be relieved, an' let this act be remimbered to her! Bless her son, too, gracious Father, and all belongin' to her on this earth! an', if it be your holy will, let them never know distress, or poverty, or wickedness!"

He then offered up a Pater Noster for the repose of his child's soul, and another for the kind hearted and grateful Widow Murray, after which he stooped to examine the grave with greater accuracy.

There was, in fact, no grave visible. The little mound, under which lay what was once such a touching image of innocence, beauty, and feeling, had sunk down to the level of the earth about it. He regretted this, inasmuch as it took away, he thought, part of her individuality. Still he knew it was the spot wherein she had been buried, and with much of that vivid feeling, and strong figurative language, inseparable from the habits of thought and language of the old Irish families, he delivered the mother's message to the inanimate dust of her once beautiful and heart-loved child. He spoke in a broken voice, for even the mention of her name aloud, over the clay that contained her, struck with a fresh burst of sorrow upon his heart.

"Alley," he exclaimed, in Irish, "Alley, nhien machree, your father that loved you more nor he loved any other human crathur, brings a message to you from the mother of your heart, avourneen! She bid me call to see the spot where you're lyin', my buried flower, an' to tell you that we're not now, thanks be to God, as we wor whin you lived wid us. We are well to do now, acushla oge machree, an' not in hunger, an' sickness, an' misery, as we wor whin you suffered them all! You will love to hear this, pulse of our hearts, an to know, through all we suffered—an' bittherly we did suffer since you departed—we never let you out of our memory. No, asthore villish, we thought of you, an' cried afther our poor dead flower, many an' many's a time. An' she bid me tell you, darlin' of my heart, that we feel nothin' now so much as that you are not with us to share our comfort an' our happiness. Oh, what wouldn't the mother give to have you back wid her; but it can't be—an' what wouldn't I give to have you before my eyes agin, in health an' in life—but it can't be. The lovin' mother sent this message to you, Alley. Take it from her; she bid me tell you that we are well an' happy; our name is pure, and, like yourself, widout spot or stain. Won't you pray for us before God, an' get him an' his blessed Mother to look on us wid favor an' compassion? Farewell, Alley Asthore! May you sleep in peace, an' rest on the breast of your Father in Heaven, until we all meet in happiness together. Its your father that's spakin' to you, our lost flower; an' the hand that often smoothed your goolden head is now upon your grave."

He wiped his eyes as he concluded, and after lifting a little of the clay from her grave, he tied it carefully up, and put it into his pocket.

Having left the gravegard, he retraced his steps towards Frank Farrell's house. The sun had now risen, and as Owen ascended the larger of the two hills which we have mentioned, he stood again to view the scene that stretched beneath him. About an hour before all was still; the whole country lay motionless, as if the land had been a land of the dead. The mountains, in the distance were covered with the thin mists of morning; the milder and richer parts of the landscape had appeared in that dim gray distinctness which gives to distant objects such a clear outline. With the exception of the blackbird's song, everything seemed as if stricken into silence; there was not a breeze stirring; both animate and inanimate nature reposed as if in a trance; the very trees appeared asleep, and their leaves motionless, as if they had been of marble. But how the scene was changed. The sun had flung his splendor upon the mountain tops, from which the mists were tumbling in broken fragments to the valleys between them. A thousand birds poured their songs upon the ear; the breeze was up, and the columns of smoke from the farmhouses and cottages played, as if in frolic, in the air. A white haze was beginning to rise from the meadows; early teams were afoot; and laborers going abroad to their employment. The lakes in the distance shone like mirrors; and the clear springs on the mountain-sides glittered in the sun, like gems on which the eye could scarcely rest. Life, and light, and motion, appear to be inseparable. The dew of morning lay upon nature like a brilliant veil, realizing the beautiful image of Horace, as applied to woman!

> Vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

By-and-by the songs of the early workmen were heard; nature had awoke; and Owen, whose heart was strongly, though unconsciously, alive to the influence of nrtural religion, participated in the general elevation of the hour, and sought with freshened spirits the house of his entertainer.

As he entered this hospitable roof, the early industry of his friend's wife presented him with a well swept hearth and a pleasant fire, before which had been placed the identical chair that they had appropriated to his own use. Frank was enjoying "a blast o' the pipe," after having risen; to which luxury the return of Owen gave additional zest and placidity. In fact, Owen's presence communicated a holiday spirit to the family; a spirit, too, which declined not for a moment during the period of his visit.

"Frank," said Owen," "to tell you the truth, I am not half plased wid you this mornin'. I think you didn't thrate me as I ought to expect to be thrated."

"Musha, Owen McCarthy, how is that?"

"Why, you said nothin' about Widow Murray raisin' a headstone over our child. You kep me in the dark there, Frank, an' sich a start I never got as I did this mornin' in the graveyard beyant."

"Upon my sowl, Owen, it wasn't my fau't, nor any of our fau'ts; for, to tell you the truth, we had so much to think and discoorse of last night, that it never sthruck me, good or bad. Indeed it was Bridget that put it first in my head, afther you wint out, an' thin it was too late. Ay, poor woman, the dacent strain was ever in her, the heavens be her bed!"

"Frank, if any of her family was to abuse me till the dogs wouldn't lick my blood, I'd only give them good for evil after that. Oh, Frank, that goes to my heart! To put a headstone over my weeny goolden-haired darlin', for the sake of the trifles I sarved them in! Well!—may none belonging to her ever know poverty or hardship; but if they do, an' that I have it——. How-an'-iver, no matther. God bless thim! God bless thim! Wait till Kathleen hears it!"

"An' the best of it was, Owen, that she never expected to see one of your faces. But, Owen, you think too much about that child. Let us talk of something else. You've seen Tubber Derg wanst more?"

"I did: an' I love it still, in spite of the state it's in."

"Ah! it's different from what it was in your happy days. I was spakin' to Bridget about the farm, an' she advises us to go, widout losin' a minute, an' take it if we can."

"It's near this place I'll die, Frank. I'd not rest in my grave if I wasn't birrid among my own; so we ll take the farm, if possible."

"Well, then, Bridget, hurry the breakfast, avourneen; an' in the name o' goodness, we'll set out, an' clinch the business this very day."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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**The Famous Midway Plaisance, the Bazaar of Nations, or the Side-shows of the World's Fair.**

**THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE AGE.**

On the shore of Lake Michigan, from May 1 to October 30, 1893, stood the Magic City—the Dream City—that caused the whole world to halt and gaze in wonder and amazement. This was the crowning event in America's history of 400 years. Every nation from "Greenland's Icy Mountains to India's Coral Strand," from darkest Africa to the islands of the sea, poured forth their riches as tribute to the World's Columbian Exposition, that it should be the most marvelous display of ancient and modern times. All that the brain of man and woman had conceived, that human skill could execute, was there. Among these was the largest building in the world, largest engine in the world, most powerful electrical machinery in the world, fastest train in the world, greatest cannon in the world, strongest search-light in the world, highest wheel in the world, most extensive collection of paintings in the world, and a thousand and one other greatest things were there within an area of 633 acres, of which 250 acres were covered with buildings that alone cost Twenty-three Million Dollars. All this wealth of the earth and genius of mind was concentrated there to exemplify the imperial glories of our nation. Only the spirit and the pictures remain with us. The spirit will make our nation greater and all humanity better, while the pictures make a pictorial history that will tell the story to all the children of men.

**THOSE WHO WENT TO THE FAIR**

Will live again in these pictures and accompanying descriptions, the delights they experienced on that memorable trip to the Fair. They are sure to exclaim, "Why, it seems as though I am right there!"

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This is considered the most majestic scene that has ever been wrought by the hands of men.

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Exact reproductions of the Santa Maria, Nina and Pinta, ships in which Columbus sailed in his discovery of America.

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The highest wheel in the world, and one of the mechanical wonders of this age.

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An exact reproduction of one of America's finest war vessels fully equipped.

**California State Building.**
Cost $75,000, and next to the largest state building.

**John Bull Locomotive.**
The oldest successful railroad locomotive in America.

**Manufactures Building.**
The largest building in the world, which cost $1,700,000 and had nearly 44 acres of floor space.

**Administration Building.**
Cost $550,000, and considered the architectural gem of the Fair.

**Woman's Building.**
Cost $138,000, and was devoted exclusively to woman's work.

**Transportation Building.**
One of the most attractive and gorgeous buildings on the grounds.

**Irish Village.**
Reproduction of a typical village in Ireland, and one of the greatest attractions on the Midway.

**Cliff Dwellers.**
A reproduction of the homes of that curious race of Indians.

**Palace Mechanical Arts.**
Cost $1,200,000; was 850 feet long and 500 feet broad.

**Ostrich Farm.**
An exhibit of live ostriches.

**Interior Manufactures Building.**

**Interior Government Building.**

**Number of State Buildings, Etc.**

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**COUPON WILL BE FOUND ON THE FIFTH PAGE.**

**THE CITIZEN, 69 DEARBORN ST.**

**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,**

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

**To Denver via Burlington Route.**

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

**A Night On the Way.**

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between ilwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, ilwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and inneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

The Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, bishop of Achonry, has made the following diocesan changes: Rev. P. J. O'Grady, Killasser, to Ballaghaderreen; Rev. James O'Connor, C.C., Ballaghaderreen to Attymass; Rev. M. J. Devine, late of the Irish College, Paris, to be C.C. of Killasser.

**First Public Concerts.**

Public concerts owe their direct encouragement to John Banister, who had won fame by his playing on the violin, and who succeeded the celebrated Baltzar as leader of Charles II's band of 24 violins. Pepys, in an entry in his dairy for February, 1667, tells us the court gossip of the day—"how the king's viallin Banister is mad that the king hath a Frenchman come to be chief of some part of the king's musique."

It was rumored that he was dismissed from the royal service for saying English violins were better than the French, a statement which was no doubt regarded as heretical, opposed as it was to the prevailing court view as to the superiority of France in all questions of taste, and especially with regard to music.

Banister's concerts at the close of the year 1672 were advertised in the London Gazette as follows: "These are to give notice that at Mr. John Banister's house (now called the Musick School), over against the George Tavern in White Fryers, the present Monday will be musick performed by excellent masters, beginning precisely at 4 of the clock in the afternoon, and every afternoon for the future precisely at the same hour."

Four years later on we read again: "At the Academy in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields will begin the first part of the Parley of Instruments, composed by Mr. John Banister." The admission was at this time as a rule a shilling, and these concerts seem to have been held pretty regularly down to within a short time of Banister's death, which took place in 1679.—Chambers' Journal.

**Observation Cultivated.**

A novel method of cultivating the faculty of observation in children has been introduced by a teacher in an up-town kindergarten. She tells her pupils that she is about to have a call from some one who will remain only three minutes; that no one must directly stare at him, but that the pupil who gives the best description of him after his departure will receive a prize. The other day her father, a Grand Army veteran in uniform, performed the part of caller, and some of the personal descriptions after he had bowed himself out denoted unusually quick and accurate attention to detail. One boy had counted all his buttons and gave the number correctly, another noticed an almost invisible scar on his face, and various others gave details of the color and shape of his beard, hair and uniform. The one who received the prize was a little girl, who declared he had "an expression on his face."—Philadelphia Record.

**Grip and Camphorated Oil.**

During grip days camphorated oil does much good. It will often entirely dissipate symptoms of an influenza cold, to which persons who have had grip seem peculiarly liable. Rub across the forehead over and between the eyes. It is a relief, too, for the pains in the legs, which remain long after the attack is over. Rub with it around the muscles and knee joints, over and under. For this trouble, or for an exhausted condition following overwork, take one-half bay rum, one-fourth water and the rest spirits of ammonia, and rub the body well all over, particularly the legs and feet, and arms and hands.—New York Times.

Peter Davis and Brisco James, negroes, were arrested at Grenada, Miss., for trying to kill J. T. Heath for his money.

The Plankinton bank at Milwaukee will reopen March 1 with a capital stock of $500,000.

# SCORES POISONED.

## Careless Cookery Results in a Fatal Mishap.

## TWO MEN ARE DEAD AND TEN DYING

**While Fifty More Are Ill from Eating Poisoned Meat—A Dozen More in a Serious Condition—Cooked in a Copper Kettle the Food Is Left There Over Night—Seven Children Fall Through Rotten Ice—Two Drowned.**

SOMERSET, Pa., Feb. 27.—From the best information obtainable here two farmers are dead, ten or twelve are seriously sick, and fifty more are suffering from the effects of eating poisoned meat at a sale held in Quecmahoning township. Jeremiah Ringler, a prominent citizen of Queemahoning township, is dead from the effects of the poisoning, and Alexander Rhodes, a leading citizen and farmer of Jenner township, is reported to have died from the same cause. Those suffering from poison are scattered all over the north of the county.

### Carelessness Caused the Trouble.

Some 250 farmers attended a sale of property in Jenner township and according to custom a cold lunch was served. Among the articles of food prepared was a lot of beef that had been boiled the previous evening in a copper kettle, and had been permitted to remain in the vessel over night. Shortly after eating the meat many persons took sick and the sale had to be adjourned. A rumor has reached here that at least ten other residents of Jenner and Quecmahoning townships cannot possibly recover.

## ROTTEN ICE WAS THEIR DEATH.

**Seven School Children Struggle for Life in an Ohio Canal.**

MASSILLON, Feb. 27.—Fred Fisher and Katie Botschneider were drowned a few minutes after being dismissed from St. Mary's Roman Catholic school. When school was out a party of children took a short cut home across the Ohio canal. The ice was weak and gave way without warning. Seven struggling children were in the icy water at the same time.

They shrieked for help, but only one man heard them and he did heroic work in the rescue of five. The two named went under the ice and their bodies have not yet been recovered. A row of stakes has been driven across the channel above and below the spot where they went under and when the ice is removed it is hoped the bodies may be found.

### Workmen Had Timely Warning.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Feb. 27.—There was quite an extensive fall in the Gaylord mine and the work of the rescuers was greatly impeded in consequence. The workmen had timely warning of the squeeze and had no difficulty in making their escape to a place of safety. It will be some time before the thirteen dead will be reached.

### Death Ends a Boyish Prize Fight.

BOULDER, Col., Feb. 27.—Harry Murray and Ira Evans, two boys 14 years of age, while out coasting with their school mates wagered their sleds on the result of a prize fight between themselves. During the mill Murray struck Evans a violent blow under the heart, causing death in a few minutes.

### Tampered with the Coughlin Jury.

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—Judge Tuthill has directed Assistant State's Attorney Bottum to draw up complaints against Mrs. Nettie Blaisdell, Mme. Dermond, and Bailiff Newland. He said that as soon as the complaints were drawn he would issue bench warrants for the arrest of the three on charges of tampering with the Coughlin jury. Bailiff Newland has been suspended pending an investigation. As it looks now it seems one of the numerous scares that this case has given rise to.

### Committed Suicide on a Train.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Feb. 27.—A man on a Chicago Great Western southbound train became unruly just before the train reached this city, and he was locked in one end of a combination coach. As the train was leaving the yards here the man shot himself through the head. At the inquest it was developed that the suicide was from Germany, and his ticket was purchased in New York. His name was John Kepple and he was bound for the southwest.

### Did Noble Work with a Shovel.

BRENHAM, Tex., Feb. 27.—Mesdames Lenna Behrens and Arterila Mahil were returning from Brenham when two negroes assaulted them. Seizing a shovel Mrs. Behrens felled one of them to the ground and beat him with the shovel until he was unconscious. Meantime a dog they owned was engaged in mortal combat with the other negro. With her trusty shovel Mrs. Behrens felled the negro to the earth. She says the first negro cannot possibly recover.

### Repudiated by Cornell Students.

ITHACA, N. Y., Feb. 27.—Over 1,000 Cornell students met and repudiated connection with the "fun" that last week resulted in the fatal asphyxiation of a negro cook at the freshmens' banquet. The act was declared the act of individuals, whose punishment the meeting resolved to assist with money and every method of co-operation.

### Attempted to Wreck a Train.

OLNEY, Ills., Feb. 27.—An attempt was made to wreck the west-bound Ohio and Mississippi accommodation by placing a tie across the track about eight miles east of here. The obstruction was observed by the engineer who stopped the train just as the tie was struck by the locomotive. Anthony Tesh was arrested for the deed.

### Gladstone to Stand an Operation.

LONDON, Feb. 27.—The Morning publishes an unconfirmed rumor to the effect that Gladstone has informed the queen that he was about to undergo an operation for his eyes and that he desired the royal sanction to Lord Roseberry acting as premier pro tem.

### Jurors Sent to Jail.

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—For their remarkable conduct on a jury last week Judge Hanecy has sent Michael Durkin to jail for thirty and Dennis Kennedy for ten days. These are the men who changed their minds after agreeing to a verdict.

### Burned Out the Golden Rule Bazaar.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 27.—The Golden Rule Bazaar, on Market between Geary and O'Farrell streets, was totally destroyed by fire. Loss about $250,000; insurance, $175,000.

## NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

**The Day's Doings in the Senate and House of Representatives.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—When the house entered upon the third week on the struggle over the seignoriage bill there was a good attendance both on the floor and in the galleries. Immediately after the reading of the journal Hatch, chairman of the committee on agriculture, arose and stated that his committee claimed jurisdiction over a bill (the anti-option bill) which had been referred by the speaker to the ways and means committee, and he moved that it be referred to the agricultural committee. Reed, Hopkins, Breckenridge and Bynum attempted to crowd in some remarks, but the chair decided that the question was not debatable and on a rising vote Hatch's motion was carried—88 to 57. Warner of New York made the point of no quorum, whereupon Hatch demanded the yeas and nays.

The Republican and Democratic opponents of the anti-option bill who want the bill referred to Hatch's committee, pursuing the tactics of the adversaries of the Bland seignoriege bill, abstained from voting, but they did not succeed in breaking a quorum and the motion was carried.

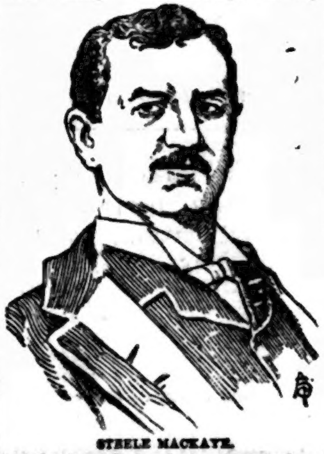
When the senate met a letter from the secretary of the treasury to the attorney general as to whether silver certificates were "lawful money" and the reply of the attorney general giving a negative opinion were read.

The senate took from the calendar and passed the joint resolution providing for the appointment of a commission to the Antwerp international exposition, and then at 12:37 p. m., on motion, of Cockrell went into executive session. After the doors were reopened at 1:20 the senate adjourned.

## STEELE MACKAYE DEAD.

**The Well Known Playwright Expires on a Train in Colorado.**

LA JUNTA, Colo., Feb. 26.—The actor and playwright, Steele Mackaye, arrived in La Junta over the Santa Fe road in the special car of George R. Peck, general counsel for the Santa Fe company. Mr. Mackaye was accompanied by his wife, a nurse and Dr. H. N. D. Parker. They c west from Chicago. Mr. Mackaye was supposed to be suffering from nervous exhaustion caused by overwork and was on his way to San Diego, Cal. He was feeling quite badly when he arrived here and the car was detached and left here until 7:20, when the party started south as Mr. Mackaye seemed to resting easier. He rapidly grew worse and died before the train reached the next station. He was conscious to the last, bade all those around him good bye and said they had done all they could for him.



STEELE MACKAYE.

### Remains Sent to Chicago.

The special car was sent back to La Junta on the next train. The remains were taken to Undertaker Manleys, embalmed and sent to Chicago. Dr. Parker and Dr. Finney, the Santa Fe surgeon at this point, held an autopsy and found the cause of death to be a cancer in the stomach. Some of the best physicians in Chicago had examined him and all decided his ailment was nervous exhaustion, except one who declared it to be a cancer. The deceased was 51 years old. He leaves a widow and six children—five boys and one girl—all grown.

## DIED IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

**Murderer Johnson Electrocuted in the Sing Sing Prison.**

SING SING, N. Y., Feb. 27.—Matthew Johnson was catlectrized for the murder of Emil Kucklehorn.

The crime for which Johnson suffered the death penalty was committed on the night of Dec. 9, 1892. About 6 o'clock in the morning of that day Johnson, who is a West Indian negro, entered Thomas & Wylie's lithographing establishment in this city with the intention of committing a burglary. He hid in a loft until the place was locked up for the night. He then went through the building and finally went down to the cellar where he met Emil Kuckelhorn, the engineer. Fearing that he would be arrested he struck Kuckelhorn several blows on the head with an iron bar, killing him in a few minutes. He then robbed the body of his victim. Last week he made a confession of his guilt in in the presence of Warden Durston, Rev. Daniel Wisher and some other prison officials.

### Princess Colonna Going West.

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—The Princess Colonna was in Chicago four and one-half hours on her way to California. She was accompanied by John W. Mackay, Jr., and half a dozen servants. They arrived over the Michigan Central road in the Wagner car "Traveler," which was switched off at Sixteenth street, sent around to Wells Street depot and attached to the Northwestern and Union Pacific train for San Francisco. The princess was invisible. The junior Mr. Mackay declared she had retired for the night, and said furthermore that she would not see a reporter under any circumstances. He would not say where the two children were.

### McKane's Application Denied.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 27.—Judge Cullen has denied the application of John Y. McKane for a certificate of reasonable doubt. This proves a disappointment to McKane's friends, as they had felt quite secure in the hope that Judge Cullen would grant the application, and based thereon the defense expected to make their great fight for the freedom of the ex-boss of Gravesend.

### Signed by the President.

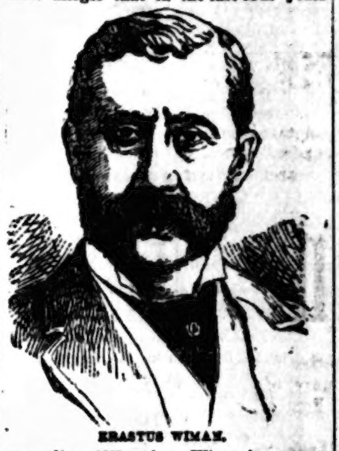
WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The president has signed the act fixing the limit of indebtedness which may be incurred by Salt Lake City.

# PUT BEHIND THE BARS.

## ARREST OF ERASTUS WIMAN, THE WELL-KNOWN FINANCIER.

**Said to Have Embezzled Over $200,000, and Also to Have Committed Forgery—The Complaint Made by De Lancey Nichol on Behalf of R. G. Dun & Co.**

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—Erastus Wiman, formerly nominal, but not an active partner in the firm of Dun, Wiman & Co., was arrested and locked up in the Tombs on charges of forgery and embezzlement. The complaint on which the arrest was made alleges that in the last four years preceeding 1893, when Wiman's connection with the firm ceased, he embezzled $229,018, and forged two checks for nearly $10,000. Wiman was arrested by officers from the district attorney's office and arraigned before Judge Martine. He was held in $25,000 bail, which he was unable to furnish, and immediately after was taken to the Tombs and locked in a cell.



ERASTUS WIMAN.

### Indicted by the Grand Jury.

The arrest was made at the instance of De Lancey Nichol, formerly district attorney, who submitted a long statement to District Attorney Fellows accusing Wiman of embezzlement and forgery. This statement was submitted with other evidence to the grand jury, which body immediately returned an indictment. A warrant was at once issued and the arrest made. The story upon which the indictments were found is as follows: In February, 1893, R. G. Dun & Co. owed upward of $4,000 to E. W. Bullinger of this city for materials purchased. Feb. 6, 1893, Wiman, being in urgent straits for money, directed the cashier of R. G. Dun & Co. to make out a check to the order of Mr. Bullinger, and instead of transmitting it to him in part payment of his account, deliberately forged the name of E. W. Bullinger on the back of the check and deposited it to his own credit in his own bank. The account of Bullinger on the books of the firm was debited with that sum in the usual course of business. These transactions of Winan were wholly without the knowledge of Mr. Dun or of any of his associates of R. G. Dun & Co., and since then they have paid to Mr. Bullinger the sum which Mr. Winan appropriated by means of forgery to his own use. A few days before the Bullinger case, Jan. 20, 1893, Winan committed another forgery under similar circumstances.

### Made Out Two Notes.

R. G. Dun & Co. owed the Campbell Printing Press and Manufacturing company $5,580 for two printing presses purchased in May, 1892. Wiman procured from the cashier of R. G. Dun & Co. a check to the order of Ogden Brower, treasurer of the Campbell company, and, telling them that R. G. Dun & Co. were short of funds, asked them whether they would like notes for their account instead of cash. On Mr. Brower acquiescing in his proposition he made two notes covering the amount in his own name and delivered them to him. He then forged the name of Ogden Brower on the back of the check and appropriated it to his own use. Mr. Dun first learned of any of Wiman's crimes in the latter part of February, 1893. He then had no suspicion of the extent of them or of the amount embezzled by him. That could only be ascertained by a critical examination of their books, which has recently been concluded. On making the discovery Mr. Dun immediately, Feb. 20, 1893, terminated his contract with Wiman, dismissed him from his employ, and has never seen him since.

## BROUGHT BEFORE THE BAR.

**Erastus Wiman Pleads Not Guilty to the Charges Against Him.**

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—The public statement of the attorneys of Erastus Wiman, claiming his innocence of the charges to which he was bound over in $25,000 bail, to appear in criminal proceedings instituted against him, foreshadowed his plea of "not guilty," which he advanced in the court of general sessions. When brought to the bar. Mr. Wiman appeared a trifle pale, but cool and collected and as soon as his plea had been made Judge Martin ordered his release, continuing his original bail. It has not been decided when the case will be brought up for trial. Mr. Wiman refused to be interviewed. It is said his counsel will take advantage of the treaty of 1812 between the United States and Canada which permits six of Mr. Wiman's countrymen to be on the jury to decide his fate.

### Fire in a Sanitarium.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Feb. 27.—A supposedly incendiary fire, with one fatality, broke out in Dr. Peeble's sanitarium in the western part of the city, and before it was stayed destroyed the entire building and three adjoining ones, with a loss of $30,000; insurance, $12,000. All the inmates of the sanitarium escaped safely with two exceptions. Mrs. N. L. Thompson, a paralytic, aged 63 years, unable to escape, was burned to death. A little girl named Duval jumped and broke a number of bones, but is not dangerously injured.

### Smallpox at Menominee.

MENOMINEE, Mich., Feb. 27.—A case of smallpox has developed here in the family of Adam Gaugh, a saloon keeper in the central part of the city. Health Officer Rosenberry was called and found a 16-year-old boy with his face literally covered with eruptions bordering on a confluent case, which is considered the worst form. Many persons here have been exposed.

### Illinois Editors.

CHICAGO, Feb. 23.—The twenty-ninth annual convention of the Illinois Press Association has closed and the majority of the members have returned to their editorial and counting rooms.

## PRENDERGAST TO DIE.

**New Trial Denied to the Slayer of Mayor Harrison.**

CHICAGO, Feb. 24.—Prendergast, who assassinated Mayor Carter H. Harrison at his home on the evening of Oct. 28 last, was denied a new trial by Judge Brentano and sentenced to be hanged on Friday, March 23. On that day also Thomas, alias "Buff" Higgins, will suffer the penalty of murder, and unless the supreme court interferes Prendergast and Higgins will march to the gallows together and drop through the trap at the same instant. The court room was comfortably filled when the judge read his exhaustive and learned decision. Prendergast appeared indifferent for a time, but as the reading proceeded pricked up his ears and appeared ready to make one of his old-time scenes. Prendergast was ordered to stand up during the reading of the sentence, which is as follows:

As judge Brentano pronounced the last word of the sentence Prendergast reeled, fell sideways and saved himself from tumbling headlong to the floor by grasping the arm of the chair in which Attorney S. S. Gregory sat. Recovering himself, the condemed man, now in the shadow of the gallows, made his defiance of the decree of justice, saying: "I do not desire to apologise for what I have done. I did only what was my duty."

After the proceedings Prendergast was taken back to jail, where he will remain till the supreme court shall have decided the appeal which will be made to it. Prendergast's attorneys asked time in which to prepare their bill of exceptions, and they were granted by the court until March 23, the day fixed for the execution.

## JUDGE JENKINS DEFIED.

**Grand Master Sovereign Says He Will Violate the Injunction.**

DES MOINES, Feb. 26.—George W. Howard, vice president of the American Railway union, organized a branch with 175 members here. At a meeting of the general executive board of the Knights of Labor General J. B. Weaver was present. After the organization was completed General Weaver and General Master Workman Sovereign made short speeches. In reference to the injunction issued against him by Judge Jenkins Mr. Sovereign said: "I am going to Winona, Minn., and will speak there Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday I shall be in St. Paul and Minneapolis to talk to the Northern Pacific employes, and as sure as there is a God in heaven I will violate that injunction of Judge Jenkins. It is infamous and an outrage on all workingmen. He would be a poor representative of organized labor who would not have the backbone to do what he pleases against this disgrace and would deserve the condemnation of all honest workingmen. Who is Judge Jenkins, anyhow? I fear no courts. If there is a United States marshal here let him serve his process."

The speech caused a great sensation in the meeting and was received with great applause. There were only 150 persons in the hall when these remarks were made, the greater part of the audience having gone home just before the election of officers for the new union.

## NULLIFIES THE LAW.

**Judge Grosscup Decides Against the Interstate Commerce Act.**

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—Judge Grosscup dismissed the rule lately made on certain railroad men to show cause why they should not answer questions touching alleged violations of the inter-state commerce act. The judge's decision is practically a victory for the railroad men and a body blow to the inter-state commerce act.

The interstate commerce law is practically a dead letter if the decision holds good. Under that decision it becomes inoperative and of no value, for the reason that it will be impossible to convict any one of violating any of its provisions.

### Carpenters Win a Strike.

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—The striking carpenters at the new Stock Exchange building at Washington and LaSalle streets have streets have won their fight. Faulkenau Bros., the contractors, agreed to accede to their demand for 35 cents an hour and promised to reinstate, without discrimination, the men who walked out. This surrender was forced by the action of the building trades council, which called out the 250 plumbers, painters, steamfitters, ironworkers and other union workmen.

### Michigan Salaries Frauds.

MASON, Mich., Feb. 24.—Five of the ten indicted state officers and clerks appeared in Mason accompanied by their sureties, prepared to give bail. At 1:45 the grand jury entered the court room and formally presented the six indictments to Judge Pearson, after which those present were officially notified and arranged for giving bail. County Clerk May of Detroit remained at home on account of sickness. Secretary Jochin denies having knowledge of any conspiracy to defraud.

### Grow's Plurality in Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 23.—The latest returns show that Grow, Republican, for congressman-at-large, will have 176,000 plurality over Hancock, Democrat. The latter carried only eleven counties out of sixty-seven. In 1892 Cleveland carried twenty-eight counties. Some of those which Hancock secured were carried by a couple of hundred only, whereas the regular Democratic majority is in the thousands.

### Five Killed by a Boiler Explosion.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 23.—A dispatch from Compte, La., says: Five men were killed and several others injured by the explosion of a boiler in the oil mill of Messrs. Freeman & Hayne. The names of those killed are: —— Balzartte (white), Alex and William Franklin, George Washington, Samuel Johnson, all colored. The building in which the boiler was located was totally demolished.

### Oldest Mason in the Country Dead.

DANVILLE, Ky., Feb. 26.—Jacob Smith, of Gerard county, the oldest Mason in the United States, is dead. He was 99 years of age last month, and was never sick until a short time before his death. He will be buried here.

### The Anti-Option Bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—Hatch's anti-option has been taken away from the ways and means committee and referred to the agricultural committee. This insures its early favorable report.

### Illness of Senator Vance.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—A special to The Evening Post, dated Raleigh, N. C., says Senator Vance is hopelessly ill.

### Adjutant General Arts Resigned.

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 24.—Adjutant General Arts has resigned.

# ITEMS OF INTEREST.

## NEWS NOTES GATHERED FOR OUR ILLINOIS READERS.

**Some of the Principal Events Which Have Taken Place in the State Reported by Telegraph and Prepared for Our Own People—Crimes, Casualties, Etc.**

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Feb. 26.—Robert Mitchell and Miss Ella Moberly were to have been married. Guests were invited and a minister was engaged to perform the ceremony at the residence of Mrs. Ellen Hayes of this city, but the bridal couple did not appear. Miss Moberly formerly had a lover to whom it is said she was engaged to be married. About a year ago he went to Tennessee to prepare a home for his bride to be. Recently he learned that Miss Moberly was to wed Mitchell. He came here and is said to have sent word to Miss Moberly that if she married Mitchell he would shoot her on sight. The young couple were so much alarmed that they abandoned their preparations for the marriage, stole away, and were quietly married elsewhere. The Moberly and the Hayes residences are guarded by officers with Winchesters, fearing an attack by the former lover.

## TRIPPED BY A WIRE.

**Device Used by a Murderer and Robber at Toledo, Ills.**

TOLEDO, Ills., Feb. 27.—T. A. Elder, a prominent citizen of this place, was waylaid, murdered and robbed Saturday night at 9:15 o'clock on his way to his home in the south part of town. The murderer stretched a wire across the walk and concealed himself in an alley, and, Mr. Elder, being thrown down by the wire, the murderer struck him on the head with a club, killing him almost instantly, and after taking his watch and about $35 in money fled. The coroner's jury is now in session. There is great excitement among the citizens, and it is feared if the murderer is caught he will be lynched.

### Illinois Dairymen.

DIXON, Ills., Feb. 26.—The annual meeting of the Illinois State Dairymen's association and Lee county Farmers' institute has closed. The morning hours were occupied by Professor D. McIntosh, veterinary surgeon of the State university, with a discussion of "Parturition and the Diseases Incidental to It and Their Treatment." D. W. Wilson, member of the National Dairymen's association, discussed "Dairy Legislation and Protection Against the Aggressive Butterine Interest." In the afternoon ex-Governor Hoard of Wisconsin talked on the "Higher Grading of Butter Cows." Lovejoy Johnson vacated the chair of president of the State Dairymen's association in a neat speech and Hon. John Steward of Elburn, Kane county, was elected to the office.

### Marry in Haste, Repent at Leisure.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Feb. 27.—After an acquaintance of one day John Hiler of Chicago and Miss Grace Washburn, daughter of Mrs. Adrinne Washburn of this city, were quietly wedded. Hiler is a traveling man for Lyon & Healy. He met Miss Washburn for the first time at noon. He was invited to call at the Washburn home that evening and did so. During the evening Hiler proposed and was accepted, and they were married without the knowledge of the bride's mother.

### Will Act Under the Old Law.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 27.—Brad K. Durfee, superintendent of insurance of Illinois, has reversed his former decision regarding the recent law governing secret societies which provide for insurance, and will allow the old law to remain in force until the next session of the general assembly of Illinois. He finds by investigation that it was not the intention of the originators of the bill nor the house or senate which passed it, to work against secret societies.

### Car Works to Resume.

MOUNT VERNON, Ills., Feb. 23.—The Mount Vernon Car company of this city has secured an order for 100 patent refrigerator cars for the Mobile and Ohio Railway company and will commence their construction in a few days. The shops have been closed for some time. The company employs 600 men and will probably not have to shut down again as several more big contracts are said to be in sight.

### The Smallpox at Edwardsville.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 24.—The state board of health has received an official report from Dr. Julius Kohl, who is at Edwardsville investigating the smallpox cases at the county hospital. Fourteen cases are reported and one death, that of a tramp, name unknown, who took the disease to the hospital. The poor farm is quarantined and patrolled by armed guards day and night.

### Captured That Man Hardin.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 23.—Private advices received here from Menard, Ill., state that Joseph S. Hardin, the train robber, who escaped from the Chester, Ills., state prison, where he had been sent for participation in the attempted robbery of an Illinois Central train, was caught near Menard by the officers who have been in pursuit of him. He will be taken to Chester at once.

### The Bridge at Alton.

ALTON, Ills., Feb. 27.—A letter from Brigadier General Case, chief of engineers, has been received here stating that the report of the board of engineers respecting the Alton bridge has been approved by the secretary of war. This settles the controversy, and Resident Engineer McDonald says that the bridge will in all probability be completed by April 1.

### Safe-Blowers at Galesburg, Ills.

GALESBURG, Feb. 26.—An unsuccessful attempt was made to rob the city vault. The outside and inner doors of the vault were blown off with dynamite, but the small safe inside resisted the explosive. Had this yielded the thieves would have secured several thousand dollars. This is the third attempt at safeblowing here within two weeks.

### Condition of Illinois Wheat.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 27.—Unofficial reports from the wheat belt are to the effect that the plant from last fall's sowing has so far escaped injury from freezing weather. Owing to the drought the plant did not make a good growth during the fall, but there is no reason why it should not come out all right with favorable weather in the future.

### Grand Jury After the Druggists.

MACOMB, Ills., Feb. 23.—The McDonough county grand jury is after the druggists for illegally selling liquor. Seventeen have been indicted. There are from six to seventy counts against each man.

# CONDENSED NEWS.

**History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.**

Edward C. Gramm, sent to jail at Harrisburg, Pa., for assault and battery upon the oath of a brother, committed suicide.

Judge J. M. Kinnaird, a leading attorney of Spokane, Wash., has disappeared. It is believed he committed suicide by jumping over the Spokane falls while temporarily insane.

Albert Jones, an engineer on the Dwight branch of the Chicago and Alton railroad, has recently inherited $200,000 by the death of an uncle in Denver.

Peter Davis and Brisco James, negroes, were arrested at Grenada Miss., for trying to kill J. T. Heath for his money.

The Plankinton bank at Milwaukee will reopen March 1 with a capital stock of $500,000.

John Monday of Yellow Springs, Tenn., was murdered and his body burned. He had $700 in his pocket.

Dorris Hammer was convicted of a Whitecap outrage at Double Springs, Ala., and fined $500. It was the first conviction of the kind in the state.

⁂

The Republican of Decatur, Mich., has been sold to a stock company at Paw Paw, where the plant will be removed.

Local option has been carried in Allen county, Mich.

Every St. Vincent de Paul society in New York—and there are about fifty or sixty of them—has received a check for $100 from ex-Mayor William R. Grace.

The other day Emperor William, talking with Captain Volpe, an Italian officer lately from Chicago, said he hoped to find time to visit America. The empress shares in this desire.

A branch of the A. P. A. was organized at Shelbyville, Ills., with fifty members.

Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard is endeavoring to carry out every enterprise that her late husband was interested in.

Chaucer wrote nearly five centuries ago. The first complete edition to his verse and prose is now promised.

A 1,000-barrel oil well was struck at Fostoria, O. It is said to be good for 4,000,000 feet of gas a day.

⁂

David Garrick Longworth, an American whose home is in London, is publishing an American newspaper in Cairo, under the very shadow of the pyramids. He calls his journal The Sphinx.

A locomotive engineer on the Canadian Pacific railway named Allan gave $6 to a distressed actor, and is now informed that the same person has recently died in New Orleans leaving him $61,000.

James Clark, a negro, was shot five times and mortally wounded by Marshal Kirk Elder of Danville, Ky.

Wright, the second of the two Mexicans who held up the mail coach near Deadwood, S. D., has been captured.

James Locheridge, David Locheridge and John Lemons, all farmers, were arrested in Brandon, Man., charged with counterfeiting.

The first woman to be ordained as a preacher in the Congregational church in Massachusetts is Mrs. Amelia A. Frost, who was received into holy orders at Littleton a few days ago.

J. P. Marr and John Day, who say they deserted from Company A, Seventeenth United States infantry at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyo., surrendered themselves at Valparaiso, Ind.

⁂

Cornelious Vanderbilt is at the head of a loan society which is to loan money to people in need of temporary assistance at lower rates of interest than pawnbrokers charges; in fact it will be a philanthropical pawn shop.

The rumor that the holy office has issued a degree condemning the books of Henry George is without foundation. Last December Archbishop Corrigan made a strong appeal to the vatican for its condemnation, insisting that the teachings of the works were not such as the church should contenance.

J. H. Jolly, a Keokuk grocer, went to England some time ago after money bequeathed to him. He was heard from at Halifax on the return trip several weeks ago, and as he has not arrived home fears are entertained that he has met with foul play.

Peschmann, the Milwaukee hotelkeeper who killed Mrs. Anna Schrum, his aged guest, on Jan. 11, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree.

Thomas Lasater was found with a bullet hole through his head at Kimmswick, a St. Louis suburb. Murder for the purpose of robbery is the accepted theory.

⁂

Thomas Ryan was accidentally shot and killed by August Tetzloff while hunting near Akron, O.

Most of the factories at Waukegan, Ills., closed during the depression have resumed and are running full time.

Benjamin Wing, sent to the northern Indiana prison from Hendricks county for murder one year ago, was pardoned by Governor Matthews.

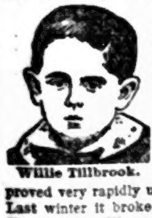
Citizens of Greenville, Ills., at an election have decided to erect a $20,000 school house.

Nothing is known at the state department regarding the case of an American citizen named Ackerman, who, it is alleged, has been wrongfully imprisoned by the Mexican authorities.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kelly, an aged lady of Des Moines, Ia., was run over by a team of horses and died soon afterward.

Charles Kelly was killed by Frank Blatten at Ripley, O., during a quarrel over their sweethearts.

Lecturing tours have been arranged by the members of the K. of L. executive board, with the hope of revivifying the order.



**Scrofula in the Neck**

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:

Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by Erysipelas. We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

# THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.
Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 3, 1894.

## AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—
Modjeska.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—
Primrose & West's Minstrels.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—
Fanny Davenport.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
Marie Tempest.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
Conried Ferenczy Opera Co.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betweet Dearborn and Clark—
"Crust of Society."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—
"The Power of the Press."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—
Hanlon Brothers in "Fantasma."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, Between Madison and Monroe.—
"The Midnight Alarm."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

## "THE CITIZEN'S" POLICY UPHELD.

Some weeks ago a few "unco guid" (see Burns' poem on the subject) professional "Catholic" editors found fault with THE CITIZEN for stating that they, the P.C.Es, were simply advertising the A.P.As, alias the "Loyal" (to England) Orange Society, by paying so much attention to their capers. We said then that the American constitution was all-sufficient for the protection of Catholic rights and we say so now. It gives us pleasure to be sustained in this position by no less a personage than the eminent Archbishop of St. Paul. In a remarkable sermon delivered by Dr. Ireland at the St. Paul Cathedral last Sunday on "The Catholic Church in America" he said:

"The church, under the constitution, has all the rights and privileges which she desired. The common liberty of the country was hers, and that was all-sufficient. The great mass of the people of America, he added, were loyal to the letter and spirit of the constitution and allowed the rights of Catholics. Those who refused them their rights were few, and they should not be heeded. Some Catholics do harm to the Catholic church by their imprudent methods of defending her. The opposition of an existing anti-Catholic party today would soon die out, if it were not noticed. Catholic papers in crying out so loudly against it give to it importance, and tire the country. It looks as if Catholics were glad to have a fight on their hands. Politics has much to do, no less with the defense than with the attack, and a supreme effort must be made by all devoted Catholics to keep the church from entangling alliance with any political party. Catholics individually are mostly free in their political alliances, but they must not bring the church with them to this or that party. No one political party in the country today owns or can lay claim to alliance with the church, and it were a great misfortune to the church were it the ally of one special party. Catholics belong to all parties and it is well that this is the case. When American citizens vote, their basis of decision must be not the religion of the candidate but his citizenship and his personal fitness for office. To put in office a man because he is a Protestant is wrong; to put a man in office because he is a Catholic is wrong. The constitution which gives the suffrage does not consider a man's honesty and ability. The archbishop deprecated the custom of some Catholic papers to boast when a Catholic receives political honors. We should rejoice when a good man receives honor. Protestants and Catholics should all become thorough Americans in their political acts and their civil relations with one another, and then there will be no religious discord in the land. There is no opposition in America to the political and social rights of Catholics that Catholics need to notice, and there never will be."

Exactly so. The professional Catholic editors who go into sectarian hysterics over the election of a co-religionist to office are, unconsciously perhaps, the worst enemies of the church in this country. Why should it be surprising to see a Catholic in office, any more than a Protestant? Don't both worship the same God, even though they don't kneel before the same altar?

And tho' ten thousand altars bear,
On each to heaven a different pray'r,
By light of moon, or light of sun,
At Freedom's we must all be one!

It is not by swashbuckler methods the professional Catholic editors can ever get the American people to have confidence in citizens of Catholic faith. We must be tolerant, even forbearing, as becomes followers of Christ. Nothing is more scandalous to the church than a professional Catholic editor trailing his coat-tails through the mud of politics, and inviting Protestants to tread upon them. THE CITIZEN heartily thanks Archbishop Ireland for his noble utterance.

## AMERICAN PROTESTANTS OUTRAGED BY THE TOLEDO ORANGEMEN.

The ear-marks of the Loyal Orange Order, of Great Britain, Ulster and Canada are so apparent in the recent forged Papal bull, which was circulated among members of the A. P. A. in Toledo, and subsequently published broadcast by the daily press, that those of us who are acquainted with the workings of the order aforesaid in Ireland are compelled to laugh consumedly at the idiotic cowardice of the miserable dupes, including the mayor and chief of police of Toledo, who were led to purchase Winchester rifles to defend themselves against fancied Catholic projects of massacre. It may be that Mayor Major and the chief of police are knaves, and not dupes, but it is safe to assume that the rank and file of the A. P. A., especially those of American birth, were fooled by the designing ones to the top of their bent. Surely such an exhibition of depravity, malignity and credulity is enough to make every honest American citizen blush for the boasted intelligence of his fellow-countrymen.

The Papal bull trick is as old as Orangeism, or its precursor, ultra-Protestant bigotry. It was developed in the alleged Irish massacre of Protestants in 1641, and in the "Popish Plot," of the reign of Charles II, and several times since. Titus Oates, who expiated his perjuries in the pillory, was a true type of the Irish or Canadian Orangeman, although he was born in England. The rascal who wrote the Toledo "Papal" bull would make a good companion picture for Titus Oates, and the other knaves and informers of the "Popish Plot" period. There is nothing like giving gentry of his type plenty of rope, so that, in falling, their necks may be broken to public satisfaction. If the Toledo affair were not so grotesque, so libelous on the commonsense of a certain class of Americans, we could all afford to laugh at it. It is not Catholic but Protestant Americans who should feel outraged by the antics of the traitorous charlatans who evolved the far-smelling Toledo scandal.

## GLADSTONE'S DECLINE.

William Ewart Gladstone, notwithstanding assertion, denial and counter-denial, is, evidently, not in robust health. It is hardly to be expected of a man who has the burden of four score and four years on his venerable shoulders. His terrible blunder on the occasion of the recent opening of parliament, when he failed to excoriate the house of lords, because of their hostility to popular measures, has chilled the enthusiasm of his followers and shaken their personal loyalty. Mr. Gladstone has lived too long. If he has not begun to wither at the top, he certainly has fallen away in physical strength, and this is certain to lead to mental flaccidity. If we are to judge of Mr. Gladstone's power in Anglo-Irish politics by recent exhibitions, we cannot believe that his death or retirement would be fatal to the cause of advanced liberalism. A younger man, even though not nearly so able, would do much better in the aggressive warfare that must be waged against the encroachments of the house of lords on the popular prerogatives. The great danger is that the peers, influenced by the Queen and her family, who dread the effect on the future of royalty, may back down from their present domineering position, and thus stave off the irrepressible conflict. Lord Salisbury is an able man, but a ferocious Tory and aristocrat. He lives in another age, and mistakes present conditions. While he remains leader of the Tory party, liberal measures will ever meet with the bitter antagonism of the house of peers. Gladstone recognizes the gravity of the situation, but is no longer capable of meeting its requirements.

Mr. Labouchere in his famous newspaper, *Truth*, thus sums the matter up:

"From a party view I should regret were Mr. Gladstone to resign, although I do not believe that his party would fall to pieces. Mr. Gladstone is at once a strength and a weakness to the party. He is the flag under which they have fought; he has a vast experience of parliamentary tactics; he is still the most adroit speaker in the house of commons, and the enormous services that he has performed to the country give great prestige to his name. On the other hand, the fact that he may feel himself obliged to resign at any moment from physical considerations is productive of instability, for when people are always thinking 'what after?' this diverts their thoughts from 'what now?' It is, moreover, desirable, all things else being equal, that the leader of the house of commons should be possessed of that robustness of constitution that enables him to be always present; for occasions are always cropping up when immediate decision is needed, and the *alter ego* of the leader has not the authority of assured position, and consequently is often unable to take upon himself the decision. Accepting, however, things as they are, and looking at all pros and cons, I should say that Mr. Gladstone's retention of the premiership is considerably more to our party advantage than to its disadvantage.

"What I have more than once said is, that the party has no right, in view of this advantage, to in any way weigh upon Mr. Gladstone to induce him not to resign. His vigor and his energy are marvellous for a man of 84. But this in no way alters the fact that he is 84, and that at this age no being subject to the conditions inseparable from humanity can undertake worry and excessive work without the reaction telling upon him.

"I have watched Mr. Gladstone in the house of commons with physiological and friendly interest. He is a much older man than he was last summer. Why is this? The excitement of the Home Rule bill kept him up. It was a stimulant, but it took a great deal out of him. His energy has now become more spasmodic than persistent. I should be inclined to think that, while he still retains the power to grapple with each separate issue that comes before him, his grasp of the whole situation and the relation of one issue to all, is not so remarkable as it once was. Like all very old men, he lives in the present, and can throw himself into a question that interests him with youthful vigor. But this vigor is not so marked, when the question is one that is not likely to find its solution in his time. Yet, with all this he retains his curious versatility, and can talk wisely and well upon a hundred subjects. If relieved from the cares and the turmoil of high office, and from attendance in the parliamentary arena, I see no reason why he should not astonish and delight the world for many a year. But the burden now on his shoulders is beyond his strength."

## CUSTER'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

The charge of the British "Six Hundred" at Balaklava has been embalmed in song and story, as, indeed, all people who admire true heroism, no matter by whom manifested, will admit that it deserved to be. Three hundred and twenty-five of the six hundred "sabres" that went forward in that charge were wielded by Irish hands. Still more desperate charges were made during our own civil war. Gen. George A. Custer, who was one of the chevaliers of the great struggle, led sixty cavalry charges during the gigantic conflict—some of them desperate almost to madness. Yet, he is mosty remembered as the chief victim of the frontier battle of the Little Big Horn with the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians, generally miscalled "the Custer massacre." General Sheridan described Custer as being possessed of a "super-abundant courage"—a strange criticism from the lips of one of the most daring soldiers of ancient or modern times. Custer was, indeed, the American Murat, and had only one rival in the army in point of "dashingness"—Fighting Phil Kearney.

A writer in the Manchester, N. H., *Mirror*, gives the following graphic account of one of Custer's most daring exploits:

"Custer's charge on the left of the Cashtown road during the great Gettysburg fight was, perhaps, one of the most desperate undertakings of that brave commander. The Confederates had been driven through Hunterstown and beyond, and were in force on the highways leading to Gettysburg. Custer's skirmishers had been held at bay for a considerable time by what seemed no greater force than two or three companies of infantry. Company A of the Sixth Michigan was ordered to form and charge up the road, and other companies were dismounted and stationed in the fields to repulse a counter charge if made. All the companies in the First, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Michigan cavalry regiments, then under Custer, were greatly reduced in strength. When Company A had been formed Custer rode up and took his place with the captain in the front. The brigadier was was about to head a single company in the charge. There was a yell of delight from the company, cheers from the entire command, and away went the little band at a furious gallop, Custer holding the reins in his left hand and carrying his naked sabre in his right hand, and charging straight down the middle of the road. What was supposed to be a force of perhaps 200 men turned out to be infantry and cavalry to the number of 600 or more. They filled the road for a quarter of a mile in an almost solid mass, and they were prepared for the charge. Company A rode straight at the mass, entered it like a wedge driven in sand, and in another moment 600 men were shooting and slashing at sixty. Custer passed on, and was closely followed until he found two lines of dismounted men drawn across the road. Then the bugle sounded the recall. Company A did not return alone. It had the presence of at least 300 cavalry, and every inch of the way was a running fight and a desperate one. Men slashed and cut and shot and yelled, and those waiting down the road towards Hunterstown saw a mob bearing down upon them. Sabres flashed, streams of fire darted through the smoke, and horses fell and obstructed the way. When the mob reached the troops stationed in the fields, Company A shook itself out of the melee, and a fire was opened which drove the Confederates back. The Federal loss in killed and wounded was about thirty—one-half the command. The Confederate loss was more than double. Some of the wounded on either side were slashed twice and three times with sabres, and there was not a man in Company A that could not show a close call from a bullet. It was in this charge that young Churchill, of the First Michigan, detailed himself from his command and charged with the company. Custer had his horse shot under him, and in the confusion a Confederate levelled a carbine within six feet of his head, and was on the point of firing when the young man shot him dead. The captain was wounded and his horse received three bullets, but both got back to the Federal lines. Probably there was never another instance in modern warfare of a brigadier-general leading a single company into action, and the incident serves to show the make-up of the man. He shared in the personal danger of his command, and his men came to believe that he bore a charmed life."

## REV. ROBERT W. PATTERSON.

The Rev. Robert Wilson Patterson, an eminent Presbyterian divine, who was identified with this city for sixty years, died at his home in Evanston on Wednesday at the venerable age of 80 years. Dr. Patterson was a native of Tennessee, but, being a vehement opponent of slavery, left that State in early manhood and settled here. He was a man of broad knowledge and of brilliant intellect, famous both as a writer and a speaker. His end was painless as his life was noble and exemplary. Dr. Patterson was well known to nearly all Chicagoans, as, before his fatal illness, he was a frequent visitor to the city, and his stately form and benignant face rendered him conspicuous among his fellow-men. He leaves six children—three sons and three daughters—all married. His second son is Robert W. Patterson, Jr., editor of the Chicago *Tribune*. Although the death of Dr. Patterson was not unexpected, owing to his great age, still he will be greatly missed not alone by his immediate family, but by all who knew and honored him as a man of genius and of good works.

## FATHER CONWAY ON "WHAT CONSTITUTES A CATHOLIC."

The Rev. John Conway, a zealous young priest, recently editor of the *Northwestern Chronicle*, has furnished one of a series of articles dealing with theology to the *Chatauquan*, in which he deals with the subject "What Makes a Catholic?" in an eloquent and lucid manner. The article as a whole is very interesting, and its chiefest merit is its cloud-lifting from the spirit of Catholic faith, so as to make it plain to, and perfectly understood, by Protestant minds. Many well meaning Protestants, even in America, firmly believe that Catholics worship images and make the Virgin Mary a deity. Dealing with these and kindred branches of his subject, Father Conway says:

"The Protestant mind is not repelled so much by the defined doctrines of the Catholic church as by the teachings of which she is falsely accused. Catholic theology does not teach that all who are outside the visible body of the Catholic church will be damned to hell in the next life. Some are Catholics in spirit; they belong to the soul of the church. They follow the voice of conscience, and that is each one's ultimate rule of morality, for conscience is the aboriginal vicar of Christ. Catholic theology does not teach the awful doctrine that unbaptized infants will be condemned to eternal torments, nor does it say that exclusion from the beatific vision implies any suffering whatever for them. Catholic theology does not teach that there is a mediator of redemption other than Jesus Christ. Nor is it in any way true to say that Catholics put Mary the Virgin on an equal footing with Jesus of Nazareth. If at times we find the language of deep devotion highly colored, some allowance must be made for the warm glow of religious poetry and for the ardent outpourings of fervid souls. Catholic theology does not teach that any one, priest or Pope, can give permission to forgive sin, nor that such permission can be bought under any circumstances whatever. Catholic theology teaches that indulgences are incentives to virtue and not licenses to commit sin. And if in days gone by abuses found their way into the sanctuary in connection with indulgences, it is those which should be attacked and not the principles themselves. Catholic theology does not teach that it is lawful to tell a lie even for the good of the church herself. It is a stale slander to accuse the church of holding that the end justifies the means. Catholic theology does not teach that the church can add in any way way to the 'faith once delivered to the saints.' In fact, an official definition of doctrine is but an authoritative declaration of what the faith is on the point in question. Catholic theology does not decry the Bible, but it states a historical fact when it says that the church was organized before a line of the New Testament was written. The Catholic church holds that Christ is the centre of christianity. If Catholics pay a tribute of respect to the saints, every well instructed Catholic knows that such reverence grows out of the human principle of acknowledging excellence whether spiritual or temporal, and all Catholics know that this tribute is of a nature different from and inferior to that which they give to God. Medals, beads, scapulars, pilgrimages, shrines, blessed candles and such like, form no essential part of Catholic teaching. As a Catholic I am not bound to believe in the wonders of Lourdes nor in the liquifaction of the blood of St. Januarius."

Nor is Father Conway's logical definition of what really constitutes a Catholic less interesting to the minds of the Protestant world:

"The Catholic church offers the same sacrifice all the world over, 'from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.' It is the sacrifice of the mass. It is thus called from the Latin word *mittere*, to send, the idea being that in the mass a sacrifice is sent or offered to God. There are different rites in different parts of the church, but the mass is substantially the same in Egypt and in Rome, in Kamtchatka and in Milan. Perfect sacrifice or the highest form of sacrificial worship implies the existence of a priesthood. The priesthood means that there must be an episcopate, and the episcopate means that there must be a supreme spiritual head or Pope. Of the limited space put at my disposal I have no wish to take up any part with the consideration of cardinals, archbishops, patriarchs, primates, monsignors and such like. They are merely of ecclesiastical or human growth, and I need not stop to discuss them. But the hierarchical idea, with Christ the Invisible Head in heaven, and the supreme pontiff the visible head on earth, and the bishops ruling all the world over, and the priests ministering to millions of souls, is far too beautiful a conception for the unaided human mind to conjure up. The third and last essential of a Catholic is to be found in the bond of spiritual rule. Every Catholic owes fealty in spiritual matters to the head of his church; the bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter. Let me say in passing that the question, 'Was St. Peter ever in Rome?' sometimes so furiously discussed by Protestants and Catholics, is hardly worthy of a junior debating society. Stratford-on-Avon is not more redolent of the memories of Shakespeare than Rome is of the chief of the apostles. The obedience of affairs spiritual which Catholics owe to the head of their church has nothing whatever to do with their duty toward the civil powers. The former looks entirely to spiritual good; the latter to temporal advancement."

Dealing with the—outside of the church—"vexed" question of papal infallibility, Father Conway says: "In one capacity, and only in one, is the head of the church saved from error. This is in the capacity of teacher of the whole church. He is not inspired; he is merely assisted. He receives such heavenly assistance as saves him from falsifying the doctrines of the church in matters of faith and morals. Infallibility is still further restricted to the comparitively narrow sphere of faith and morals. It does not imply freedom from error in politics, or in economics, or in philosophy, or in science, or in history. Except faith and morals it excludes everything. Infallibility does not extend even to moral actions. What I mean is this: The sovereign pontiff is infallible in his judgment about moral principles, but not in his judgment as to the application of these principles. The Pope may issue all the briefs and bulls and encyclicals he pleases in his unofficial capacity, or regarding matters outside the domain of faith and morals, or as not teaching the whole church, and such documents would not carry with them the authority of infallibility. Not till after the most searching examination, when many learned judges are heard and all official witnesses are listened to, does the Catholic church make a truth the formal object of faith binding upon her children. So limited is the scope of infallibility, and so safeguarded is it with precautions, that it is not easy to see how the head of the church could make a mistake, even apart altogether from divine protection."

If this is not what our Protestant friends call "liberal" Catholic opinion, then we don't know what liberal means. At the same time, it may astonish our Protestant friends to be told that Father Conway is entirely orthodox.

## DR. W. F. POOLE.

Chicago has lost one of her most accomplished and useful citizens in the death of Dr. William L. Poole, librarian of the Newberry Library, and for many years at the head of the Public Library in this city. Dr. Poole was a native of Massachusetts, and received, in early life, all the educational advantages furnished by that historic mother of eminent Americans. As a public educator, he ranked second to none, and the great work he accomplished in his native state, as well as what he achieved here, constitutes for him a lasting memorial. Dr. Poole was in his 72d year, and, up to within a few weeks, was in apparently good health. A fall on the slippery pavements injured one of his limbs and led to the illness which proved fatal. All Chicagoans will lament the termination of Dr. Poole's eminent career, at a time when his hopes were fixed on making the Newberry Library the premier collection of America. He leaves several children, all of whom have arrived at maturity. They have the deep sympathy of the entire community in a bereavement which also falls upon thousands of their fellow citizens, who venerated Dr. Poole as a man, an educator and a citizen without stain or reproach.

AT a meeting of the Irish National League, Central branch, held in Dublin on Saturday, Gladstone and Morley were bitterly denounced for having broken faith with Ireland.

THE Emmet celebration, to be held at Central Music Hall this (Saturday) evening, March 3, promises to be one of the most successful demonstrations held here in recent years. A varied and interesting programme has been arranged, and excellent talent has been secured to render the occasion highly interesting.

MARSHAL JOHN T. KEATING, who will command the St. Patrick's Day procession, will issue his formal order of the day and announce the line of march next week.

MR. MAX PLATZ, the celebrated Chicago photographer—reckoned the leading artist in his line in this country—died at St. Luke's hospital recently, of a complication of diseases, after a lingering, and painful, illness. He was born in Germany fifty years ago.

THE *Young Irishman* is the name of still another Irish-American publication which has been started in this city. It is neatly printed and contains much that is interesting.

MR. WILLIAM DILLON has assumed editorial charge of the *New World*, vice Judge Hyde resigned. Mr. Dillon is an able lawyer and ought to make a first-class editor.

## NOTICE.

Subscribers and others desirous of obtaining copies of THE CITIZEN, containing the article on county Limerick, can do so by applying to Mr. Oink, No. 424 West Twelfth street, or at this office.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

## SHAUN DHU.

(Translated from the Irish.)

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

Shaun Dhu, the wild man of the glen
He boasted of his ancient blood,
A prince with honor's diadem
In simple majesty he stood—
In majesty of manhood's truth
And the exultant joy of youth,
O, there were few, you'd liken to
Shaun Dhu.

Eagle-eyed and strong of arm,
Tall of stature, supple-built,
In every movement grace to charm;
In every gesture scorn to wilt
What glimmered with a color base
Across the snow of virtue's face,—
And every hue of valor knew
Shaun Dhu.

And every rosy village maid
Whose thought through aisles romantic
strayed,
In shine or gloom, whate'er betide,
He was her hero, he was her pride,
And in his glance and word she saw
The import of love's gracious law
And dreaming drew in grander view
Shaun Dhu.

He would not dwell with those who wore
Contented chains and meekly bore
The brunt of tyranny, alas;
But in the wild and rocky pass
No foot might climb or dare but his
He lived as free as Nature is,
And earth and blue were near to woo
Shaun Dhu.

His pillow was the mossy sod,
His roof the canopy of God
His raiment was the crag-deer's skin
And fierce as any Bedouin
He spared no foe that fate might send
Across his path, but to a friend
He was steel-true; no friend might rue
Shaun Dhu.

Impervious he was to fear,
And with his bow and arrow near
He served for death's rapacious maw
Many a carrion Sassenach,—
An hundred there were on his track,
Red devils with a purpose black,
Of that hell-crew, not any slew
Shaun Dhu.

They sought in vain his secret home,
And haunts where he was wont to roam
They watched with a revengeful care
To trap the tiger in his lair,
But when they'd bind him with the hasp
He glided eel-like from their grasp,
And where he flew none could pursue
Shaun Dhu.

And Shaun he waged his single war
And wore the mark of many a scar,
The natural medal of the brave,
But one day he was missed and gave
No word or clue of where he fled,
And people spoke of him as dead,
And 'neath the dew and silent yew
Shaun Dhu.

Long lived his wonder-deeds and name
And round the hearth when evening
came
The children gathered close to hear
The tale of Shaun, and year by year
The real to legend grew, nor ceased,
For fame by distance is increased,
And, shining through it, greater grew
Shaun Dhu.

And if you scale the mountain's side
And in the peasant's cot abide,
A traveler sheltered from the blast,
Perhaps you'll see in musing cast
To cross himself your peasant-host
And mutter, "Peace be to his ghost,"
If you ask "who?" he'll answer you,
"Shaun Dhu."

# "LIMERICK IS BEAUTIFUL."

## Graphic Account of the Celebrated County of Ireland Which Peoples Most of the West Division.

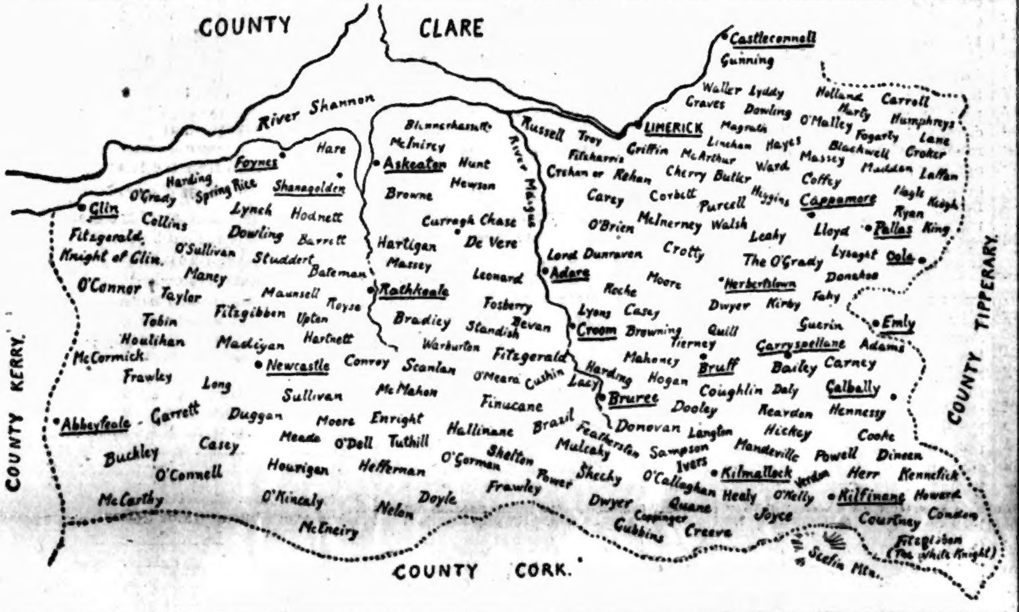
### How the Ryans, Coffeys, Enrights, Sullivans and Other Munster Clans Have Aided in Building Up Tim Ryan's and Billy Mason's Burgh.

Jan. 29 a sketch of Mayo county, in Ireland, and of many noted Mayo men at home and abroad, was published in the *Inter Ocean*. Several Limerick men residing in Chicago have, with pardonable pride, expressed a wish that the story of their old and famous county might also be traced. They request is one which it is a pleasure to comply with.

A few centuries ago an old Italian bell founder, bereft of friends and home, sailed up the broad estuary of the river Shannon, in Ireland.

He had traveled many lands in vague search for his vanished masterpiece, a grand chime of bells which in his youth he had made and placed in a stately cathedral, from whose belfry they were torn in the terror and tumult of Florentine war, and taken he knew not whither.

And now, as the outlines of a city grew out of the evening dusk, where a sturdy old bridge spanned the noble stream, and a lofty spire arose streaked with the sunset gold, the old man heard a thrilling familiar music which filled the twilight with visions of his youth, of his wife and children, and of his once happy home in sunny Italy, until his grief-worn heart suddenly gave way and he fell on the deck—dead. For the sounds he had heard were those of his own "musical, magical bells," swinging in St. Mary's steeple, Limerick.



There are thousands of ears in Chicago that have heard those same chimes, ears that are now partly solaced by the more seductive if less sentimental jingle of American dollars, and ears that are not, as in cases wherein Mayor Hopkins has taken an ax down from its hook.

Limerick men are ubiquitous among us, and have been for many years. Throw a brick in the City Hall and you will probably hit one of them; on special occasions you may make a "ten stroke." In the neighborhood of the Jesuit church you will find a grand colony of them. Go out to the Stock Yards and you will fancy yourself in Garryowen-na-Glora.

"Limerick is beautiful as everybody knows," whether he has heard Myles-na-Coppaleen sing it on the stage, or beheld with his own eyes the stately Shannon, king of Irish rivers, reflecting the massive arches of Thomond bridge and the proud veteran front of the old castle, grim with the scars of three fierce sieges, while the spires and roofs of the old city gleam through a mist purple as the light of romance, and the sunset glows beyond the blue hills of Clare.

The city proper stands on an island formed by the Shannon, which throws out a branch above and reunites with it below Limerick. On the Clare bank, connected by Thomond bridge, is the suburb of Irish Town. The population is over 48,000 and to this figure it has held for several decades.

The air of Limerick is redolent with song and romance. Gerald Griffin, the poet and novelist, was born here, and Dr. John F. Waller, of the *Dublin University Magazine*, veteran poet and journalist, and Poet Daniel R. Lyddy, and William Downing the Canadian poet, and Andrew Magrath, who sung in Irish and was called "the mixture of drollery." Who has not heard "The Dear Little Shamrock of Ireland?" It was written in the last century by Andrew Cherry, son of a Limerick printer, and one of the most successful comic actors of his day. Who has not been pleasantly haunted at public or private concerts with "Killarney" and "Father O'Flynn," who was "the pride of them all?" They were written by Alfred Percival Graves, son of the Protestant bishop of Limerick; and he is still writing, and writing well.

Near Limerick is Garryowen, whose fame overlaps the globe, chiefly on account of its famous marching tune, familiar on barrack square and battlefield "from Birr to Barreilly, from Leeds to Lahore." It was General Custer's grand favorite; nothing he had ever heard went so finely with the swing and hoof-beat of a squadron of charging cavalry. The words that go with the air celebrate the former festivities of some hearty fellows over there, but, the place being still lively and comparatively prosperous, there seems little ground for the expressed regret that

"Garryowen is gone to rack
Since Johnny Connell went to Cork,"

and since the Sullivans and Ryans and some others of the boys laid down their ferules, abandaned the delightful task of conducting the young Limericks across the *pons asinorum*, and through the mysteries of conic sections and came out to Chicago to take a hand in municipal and county and national affairs.

The vivid and erratic Lola Montez, who dangerously dazzled the occupants of some European thrones, was a Limerick product of Spano-Irish extraction. The graceful and accomplished Ada Rehan, queen of the stage, was born in Limerick; her real name is Crehan, of which there are many owners there.

In this old Munster city was also born the venerable Sister Patricia Reardon, one of the oldest members of her order (the Sisters of Mercy) in Chicago, where she was professed by Bishop Quarters in 1847. Sister Patricia pursued her office of mercy on many a battlefield all through the war, stanched many a wound and soothed the last moments of many a poor "boy in blue."

The Rev. Thaddeus Butler, pastor of St. John's church, chaplain to Mulligan's famous Illinois regiment, during the war, came from here; also another war chaplain. the Rev. Patrick T. Butler, of the church of the Immaculate Conception. Father J. M. Corbett, S.J., pastor of the Sacred Heart parish, is also a native of this city.

Police Captains Hayes and Ward are of Limerick parentage, and the city has also a claim on that gentleman of many civic and military honors, Col. Harry Donovan.

Ald. Thomas Carey of the Nineteenth ward, hails from Carey's road leading from the city.

Gen. John Coffey, who distinguished himself at the battle of New Orleans, came from Limerick.

The McInerney boys, Michael, from the Stock Yards, member of the State legislature, and Patrick and Thomas, who bury most of the dead who die out in that direction, come from Skart Mills, near Limerick.

Southeast of the city lies Cappamore, which has sent forth a formidable contingent. M. W. Ryan, late county clerk, taught school here, all among the buttercups and daisies. From here came Cornelius J. Coffey, now deputy coroner, who whith his brother John (born in Oola) started the *Western Catholic* newspaper in Chicago. Dr. Thomas O'Malley, medical officer of the Catholic Order of Foresters, was here before he bothered with medicine. Near at hand is Pallas, which has given us John C. King, the noted criminal lawyer; and Con Griffin, of Twenty-second street and Centre avenue, who has made a brilliant success of the brickmaking and liquor business: Cross, whence comes P. F. Ryan, the dry goods man on the West Side, and his brothers, E. F. Ryan, lawyer, and John F. Ryan.

At this place, Pallas, or Pallas-Grean, there lived a dangerous witch called "Grean of the Bright Cheeks," who had a morbid faculty of changing men into badgers; so they were quite justified in leaving.

In the Fenian times the county produced two noted informers, Godfrey Massey, whose weakness gave away Col. Tom Burke; and Pierce Nagle, who filled the English jails with victims; the latter came from Nicker, near Pallas-Grean. [This is questioned.]

From Cross came State's Attorney Terence Ryan, of Kane county, and his sisters, the Mesdames Ryan, of the Sacred Heart Convent, Taylor street.

From Annagh, northeast of the city, came Millionaire John Fitzgerald, of Lincoln, Neb., late president of the National League in America. From Grange, to the southwest, came Fitz James O'Brien, one of the most powerful and original writers on the American press till a Confederate bullet cut short his stirring carreer. Mrs. A. Plamondon (nee Higgins) comes from Ballyneety; ex-County Commissioner Pat Carroll from Ballinagard.

About eight miles southwest from the city is the town of Adare, on the River Maigue in the heart of a beautiful country, with old war-scarred castles and ivy-clad abbeys rising amid groves fragrant with wild flowers. Gerald Griffin, the novelist, spent some time on a visit to his brother, a doctor in Adare. In one of his sweetest and tenderest poems he bade the beautiful place adieu:

Oh, sweet Adare! oh, lovely vale!
Oh, soft retreat of sylvan splendor:
Nor summer sun, nor morning gale
E'er hailed a scene more softly tender.
How shall I tell the thousand charms
Within thy verdant bosom dwelling,
Where, lulled in Nature's fostering arms,
Soft peace abides and joy excelling!

From this vicinity, around Adare, Askeaton and Newcastle, come "Black Bill" Fitzgerald, South Town Assessor; Tom Fitzgerald, Democratic "boss" of the Twelfth ward, and Timothy E. Ryan, four times West Side assessor. The village of Shanagolden, near at hand, has sent forth Rev. Thomas Hodnett, pastor of St. Malachy's church; Deputy Coroner M. F. Barrett; Michael Lynch, of the excise; John Dowling; Bishop Dowling of Hamilton, Canada; also the parents of James O'Hare, contractor. Ex-County Commissioner Bradley hails from Rathkeale.

Going westward along the coast, where luxurious foliage overshadows the road and the waves are beating at our feet, we come to the scene of the "Colleen Bawn" episode, which inspired the play of that name. We all have seen "Myles" leap into the dark blue gauze and rescue the heroine from the stagey deep; but that wasn't the way here. A squireen named Scanlan married a handsome poor girl, then repented of his bargain and got his satellite to drown her here in the brine. Scanlan was subsequently convicted and hanged for the crime; he was the last culprit in Ireland to enjoy the aristocratic distinction of being strung up with a silken rope.

Further on is the residence of the Knight of Glin, whose brother is presently employed in Chicago. From here comes Officer John Collins, who brought Martin Burke from Winnepeg; R. J. O'Grady, advertising agent, and numerous others.

Going southward we come to Newcastle, an old town which sprung up around the twelfth century castle of the Knights Templars. From hence came the father of Police Captain Hartnett, of the Harrison Street Station; Miss Fanny O'Grady, who has taken active part in Irish political affairs in Chicago; the Madigan Brothers, dry goods men; John W. Enright and his eloquent brother, Father Enright, of Kansas City; and that famed political hustler, John O'Brien, superintendent of bridges, known as "Naturalization O'Brien." Near Newcastle is Ballymahon, natal place of Michael Scanlan, poet (father of Attorney Kickham Scanlan), and his brothers; James Sullivan, of the *Tribune*, reputed owner of the City Hall; Fruit Dealer Michael Corry, Capitalist William Meade, Contractor John E. McMahon, Sergeant Maurice Moore and Park Policeman Mike Ahern.

Contractor McMahon, here mentioned, who came to Chicago in 1848, helped to build the first railroad to West Chicago, now known as the "olu Galena," and it was his firm (Steele & McMahon) that built the present Washington street tunnel.

A member of an ancient county family here is still known as "The O'Grady." His ancestral home at Killballyowen was usually a scene of high festivity in the old days when men got drunk on slight provocation and courteously shot one another on less.

This species of title has almost died out in Ireland, though Sligo has still "The MacDermott," and Roscommon "The O'Conor Don," and Kerry "The MacGillicuddy of the Reeks."

Its use has often led to ludicrous contretemps in both Ireland and Scotland. Thus in the latter country, on one occasion, the chief of the McNab clan having duly signed his name in a hotel register "The McNab," a namesake contumeliously signed himself under it, "The Other McNab." In the same way, when the card of "The O'Grady, of Killballyowen," had been left at the Bruff military barracks, the officer in charge, one Capt. Bull, presented his in return, as "The Bull, of Bruff."

The star of the O'Grady" has become bedimmed of late years, probably by reason of sundry mortgages inherited from his lively ancestors. A large portion of the patrimonial estate has been converted into a sheepwalk. "The O'Grady" also became unpopular some years ago on account of evictions on his estate. In these he was opposed by a local clergyman, Father Humphreys, who had to go to jail in consequence.

Kilteely is a little town which enjoyed twenty-four whole hours of freedom under the green flag in '67.

From here came the father of the Caseys, successful furniture men on the West Side; also Pat F. Guerin, excise. Herbertstown sent out William Kirby, now resting on his financial laurels, and Thomas Dwyer, fruit dealer. The cluster of towns and villages in this part of the country contributed a very respectable showing. From the neighborhood of Hospital came ex-Police Chief Hickey, ex-Alderman Reardon, and the folks of Alderman W. F. Mahoney and of Steve Griffin, Clerk of the Circuit Court: from Crommel, Rev. P. O'Brien, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

From Boher came Justice John M. Moore, Thirty-ninth and State streets, and, from near Bruff, Justice James Dooley, who daily holds the sword and scales at Madison and Union streets. Bruff's contingent also includes Denis Smith, paste manufacturer; ex-Alderman Denis Coughlin, Rev. J. M. Scanlan, of the Cathedral of the Holy Name, and the father of Capitalist Denis J. Hogan, of Lake Geneva, trustee of the insane asylum.

From Garryspellane, "where the ships come in," as they describe it, because there's no water there, is ex-Alderman Michael B. Bailey, the first building superintendent Chicago had. Mike sat for the old Seventh Ward from 1869 to 1874. He was contractor for the erection of the old County Jail, and he now holds the office of superintendent of construction. The mother of that enterprising politician, Michael C. McDonald, came from Croom, and was of the Tierney family.

Croom, by the way, was one of the strongest castles of the Geraldines, and from it they took their war-cry, heard on many a Munster battlefield in the old days, "Crom Aboo!" meaning Croom forever. Another of the castles stood at Lough Gur, which is one of the loveliest spots in Ireland. There on certain nights the great Earl Gerald of Desmond, or "Garadah Iarla," as they call him, rides forth in ghostly armor. No wonder Custodian Tom Bailey, of the Custom House, was often scared out of a year's growth when he went out at night to visit his best girl.

Speaking of those Limerick wraiths, they seem to have made life pretty hard there in the old times. One old witch lighted a candle every night on a high rock and everybody who happened to see the light died promptly. Then there was an amiable sprite called a "phuca," who usually assumed the shape of a horse and took intense pleasure in drawing belated travelers.

The parish of Athlacca gave to European wars five able and valiant Lacys, chief of them Marshal Peter Lacy, who conquered the Crimea for Russia in the last century.

Emly, on the Tipperary border, sends Dr. Guerin, Rev. J. D. Condon, ex-Alderman Tom Purcell, and Coal Dealer John Adams; Galbally, Archbishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, orator on Irish day at the World's Fair, and John Cooke, the genial brewer. From Ballylanders came Ed Powell and his brother, the late Alderman George Powell.

In the south of the county, where the imposing mountain of Seefin towers over the vale of Glenosheen (the Glen of Ossian, an ancient Celtic poet of more than Homeric fire) was born the late Robert Dwyer Joyce, of Boston, whose fine poem, "Deirdre," has been considered about the best of the century. The poet's brother, Dr. P. W. Joyce, of the Dublin training schools, is also an able and entertaining writer.

Three miles distant lies the town of Kilfinane, whence comes Thomas C. Courtney, building contractor, and P. H. Duggan, superintendent at the Stock Yards. From Kilfrish come John F. and James Gubbins, president and vice-president of the Excelsior machine and boiler works, South Canal street.

Thus we reach the southern boundary of the county and pass away from "Limerick the beautiful."

But it is always with us.—*P. G. S. in Inter-Ocean.*

## GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

### Tobar Deire-an-Domhain.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Thoisigh sé ag dul suas acht thuit sé agus bhris se a chos. "Ní raibh tusa ag tobar Deire-an-Domhain," ar san bhainrioghan. Ann sin d'fhiafruigh sí de'n rígh an raibh aon mhac eile aige, agus dubhairt an rígh go raibh," acht is leath-amadán é," ar seisean, "nár fhág an baile ariamh." "Tabhair ann so é," ar san bhainrioghan. An uair tháing Ceart, d'fhiafruigh sí dhé "an raibh tusa ag tobar Deire-an-Domhain?" "Bhidheas," ar Ceart, "agus chonnairc mé thusa ann." "Téidh suas go bárr an dréimire sin," ar san bhainrioghan. D'imthigh Ceart suas mar chat, agus an an uair tháinig sé anuas dubhairt sí, "Is tu an fear a bhí ag tobar Deire-an-Domhain, agus is tu athair mo mhic."

Ann sin d'innis Ceart an cleas a rinne na dearbhráithreacha air, agus bhí an bhainrioghan dul iad do mharbhadh, gur iarr Ceart párdún dóibh. Ann sin dubhairt an rígh go mbéidheadh an rioghacht ag Ceart.

"Má phósann sé mise, béidh rioghacht aige níos féarr 'ná iomlán Eireann," ar san bhainrioghan. "Pósfad thu agus rachad leat go tobar Deire-an-Domhain," ar Ceart.

Ann sin ghleus an t-athair é, agus chuir slabhra óir faoi n-a mhuineul. Chuaidh sé asteach sa' g-cóiste leis an m-bainrioghan agus d'imthigheadar go tobar Deire-an-Domhain. Chuir na mná cóibhdeach' fáilte mór roimh an mac rígh agus bhí gach aon aca ag iarraidh air i do phósadh.

D'fhan sé ann sin bliadhain agus fiche, go bh-fuair an bhainrioghan bás, agus ann sin thug sé a dhá'r dheug chlanna-mhac leis, agus tháinig abhaile go Gaillimh. Phós gach aon aca bean, agus is uatha tháinig dá-threibh-deág chondae na Gaillimbe.

[CRIOCH.]

## IRISH NEWS.

During a storm on Friday, Feb. 10, a fishing boat was capsized while returning to Kilkeel from the deep sea fishing. The crew of six men were drowned. Their names are John Cousins, John Balance, John Hogg, Robert Cousins, Joseph Collins, and Patrick Cunningham.

Feb. 10, at a meeting of the Cork corporation, the mayor presented a sailor named Frank Sullivan, a Corkman, a bronze medal awarded by the board of trade for gallantry in saving life at sea, by rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the bark Countess of Dufferin, of Londonderry, in the North Atlantic, on Dec. 30, 1891. The board of trade also awarded the sum of £3 to Sullivan. In making the presentation the mayor referred in complimentary terms to Sullivan's conduct.

The Rev. Thomas Nolan, the esteemed parish priest of Lixnaw, county Kerry, died at the parochial residence, Lixnaw, on Jan. 17.

There was an average supply of stock and a good attendance of buyers at the Kells monthly fair, and business all round was brisk. Store cattle being in good demand, prime beef sold at 56s to 60s per cwt; second class and cow beef, 46s to 50s; fat sheep £1 17s 6d to £2 10s; hoggets and stores, 25s to 32s; springers near calving in great request at from £18 to £21 for young promising ones; second class, £13 to £15 10s; milk cows £12 to £16; three year old heifers and bullocks, £12 to £14 10s; two years olds, £8 5s to £10 5s; yearlings £4 5s to £6 10s; pigs, store, 52s to 55s per cwt; heavy kinds, 45s to 48s per cwt; stores, 30s to 35s; bonhams and slips, 14s to 21s.

At Banbridge, county Down, a man named Courtney was assaulted and seriously stabbed with a knife, while returning from market on the evening of Feb. 13, by a farm servant named John Clydesdale.

The solemn and impressive ceremony of the religious profession of two young ladies took place in the Convent chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, Birr, on Feb. 8. They were Miss Dwyer, Loughrea (in religion Sister Mary Raphael), and Miss Christina Francis (in religion Sister Joseph Mary), daughter of the late John Tumpane, T.C., Nenagh. After the ceremony of profession Miss Margaret Bergin was invested with the white veil and received into the Novitiate of the Community.

The funeral of Mr. Edward Boylan, well known in Dublin Gaelic athletic circles, and a respected member os the Eblana club, took place on the 12th ult.

Great efforts are being made to popularize Irish music in Ireland. At a recent meeting of the council of the Young Ireland League and delegates from the Dublin bands held at the League rooms, No. 15 D'Olier street, Dublin, the following resolutions were adopted: "That this meeting of band delegates is of opinion that as the popularization of Irish music at present depends upon Irish bands, it is the imperative duty of all the bands to acquire a thorough knowledge of Irish airs before learning foreign airs, and when playing, to play Irish airs in equal number with foreign ones, and on all National celebrations to play Irish only." "That the delegates present pledge their bands whenever possible to sing a verse of the songs played alternately with the playing. And this meeting calls upon all other bands throughout Ireland to do likewise." "That this meeting congratulates the Dublin *Weekly Independent* upon the progressive steps taken by it in publishing the band parts of the music of Irish airs." "That with the object of placing the bands of Ireland upon a proper footing, and also to secure the publication of band music for Irish airs at popular prices, it is essential that an association of bands be formed.

Great efforts are being made to revive the County Louth Farming Society, and an agricultural show under its auspices will be held in Dundalk on March 15.

Bernard Brennan, a linen manufacturer in Laurencetown, county Down, while at Clonmel railway station, Feb. 8, intending to go to Carrick-on-Suir, was observed to fall from the platform to the rails in a fit of weakness. He was at once lifted up, but died in a couple of minutes. He was about 55 years of age and unmarried.

The aged Mother Superior of Mercy Convent, New Ross, died Feb. 1. The deceased lady was over eighty years of age. She had spent the greater portion of her life in the convent where she died. She was a native of the city of Dublin, where many of her relatives still live, her name in the world being Miss Clare Crolly. She was a lady of great talents and intellectual attainments. In 1855 she entered the Mercy Convent in Wexford, and on Nov. 25, 1857, she was professed in the parish church of New Ross, (her name in religion being Sister Mary Frances Borgia) by the late Bishop Furlong. She was appointed Superioress in 1878, a position which she held ever since, but previous to that she occupied many important positions in the convent, being very active and energetic in the schools, where she was a general favorite.

Over £6,000 will be eupended in providing additional house accommodations for the laborers by the Clogheen guardians.

On Saturday, Feb. 3, Mrs. Pope Hennessy, widow of Sir John Pope Hennessy, was married at Rostellan Castle, near Midleton, to Walter Thackwell, son of General Thackwell, of Aghada Hall. The marriage was private, being celebrated in the Catholic chapel attached to the castle.

The Dundalk town commissioners have petitioned the commissioners of endowments for more extensive quarters for the free library of that city. At the last census the population of Dundalk was 11,913, and the attendance at the library was over 100 per day, or about 37,000 per annum. Following is an extract from the petition of the commissioners: "That the Public Libraries Act (Ireland), 1855, was adopted in Dundalk in the manner prescribed therein on the 17th of December, 1856, and a Free Public Library established in the month of January, 1858, being the first of its kind in Ireland, which has been since supported and maintained by your memorialists out of a library rate of one penny in the pound; that the institution has prospered to such an extent that it now contains a stock of books numbering fully 8,000 volumes, and the rooms at present used as library and reading rooms have for some years been found quite inadequate."

RECENT DEATHS—The following death notices appear in our Irish exchanges:

Michael Harty, residing at Ballyroe, near Midleton, dropped dead on the public road at Tullogh, near Cloyne, Jan. 31, while in the act of superintending the repairing of the public road there, for which he was contractor.

The death of the late Patrick Fagan, C.C., occurred at Mount Nugent, county Cavan, on Monday, Jan. 29. He was educated and ordained in Rome, and after his return was appointed C.C. of Longwood. Thence he went to Balnabracky and Castlejordan, where he spent the best years of his mission. To the people of these parishes, says the Leinster *Leader*, the news of his death will come as a bitter shock. It was there he was best known and best appreciated. He was curate during the whole of the Rev. N. Moore's and part of the Rev. N. McLoughlin's pastorate, and came to be regarded as permanent by the people, to whom his kindly good nature endeared him. Subsequently he was appointed C.C. of Ballivor and lastly of Kinnegad.

Does Protection Protect?

Certainly, in one instance, it does. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great protection against the dangers of impure blood, and it will cure or prevent all diseases of this class. It has well won its name of the best blood purifier.

### Irish-American Council.

There will be a meeting of the representatives of the societies comprising the Irish-American Council in Fitzgerald's hall, Sunday, March 4, at 3 o'clock, for the selection of assistant marshals and approval of the line of march for parade on St. Patrick's Day. It is earnestly requested that the names submitted will be those of gentlemen whose efforts can be relied upon to make a successful display of the numbers and patriotism of the several societies they will be officers of.

JOHN T. KEATING,
Grand Marshal.

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374 W. Madison-st.
We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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PANORAMA OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.
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Each part containing 55 magnificent Photographic Views of the World's Fair.
Mail or bring one coupon and 10 cents to THE CITIZEN office and Part One will be delivered to you.
See advertisement on Second Page.

Business Directory.

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The saving in cost consequent upon the development of the Church Organ in the past few years is so great that now no really earnest Congregation need be without a suitable instrument.
The Peloubet Church Organ
is the product of our factories, is built under our patents, and through its superexcellent musical qualities has achieved substantial success. It costs from $300 to $3500.
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W. P. HARRISON & CO., Clerk No. 15, Columbus, Ohio.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.
ESTATE OF CATHERINE FLANAGAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine Flanagan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.
Dated [illegible] February 16, 1894.
WILLIAM FLANAGAN,
Administrator.
David [illegible] Attorney.

ESTATE OF JEREMIAH N. MULVIHILL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Jeremiah N. Mulvihill, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, [illegible] for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.
Dated [illegible] 17, 1894.
MARY MULVIHILL,
Administratrix.
David [illegible] Attorney.

### SLUMBER SONG.

Creep into my arms, my baby dear,
  And mother will sing to you soft and low,
A little song you'll be glad to hear
  Of the old moon sheep and her lambs, that go
      Up the sky
      And down the sky
And over the hills that stand so high.

The moon is the mother sheep, my dear;
  The stars are her little lambs, and they
Follow her, follow her, there and here,
  In the wide sky meadows to leap and play.
      Up the sky
      And down the sky
And over the hilltops by and by.

Rock-a-by, baby, and go to sleep;
  The little star lambs will sleepy grow
And all lie down with the moon to sleep
  Till the sun goes down at night, and so
      Up the sky
      And down the sky
The moon and her little white lambs go by.
      Go to sleep
      And mother'll keep
Watch o'er her lamb, like the old moon sheep.
—Youth's Companion.

# A LUCKY "SPEC."

A black nor'easter was working its wicked will in the harbor of Alexander, the capital town of one of our colonies, as we steamed into it on board the Omeo in June, 1874. Blinding rain poured pitilessly down. The whole of the magnificent sheet of water which forms the landlocked harbor was a seething mass of foam, and as we rounded the inner heads the roar of the surf on the Eritonga beach, which faces the entrance to the harbor, was ominously distinct. Under the skillful guidance of our skipper, Jock Maclean, familiarly known on the coast as Hell Fire Jock, we felt our way to the pier. I had been spending a long holiday in sightseeing. What between Rotomahana and the Hot lakes, Sydney, Melbourne and Hobart Town, when I landed on the pier at Alexander I possessed three portmanteaus and 7 shillings. However, I chartered a buggy and drove with all the confidence in the world to the Empire hotel.

Having done justice to an excellent dinner, I determined to hunt up an old press comrade, Frank Gifford, who, I had heard, was the editor of the Alexander Daily Post. The rain was coming down with tropical vengeance, and from all the numerous hills upon which the Empire City, as they call it, is situated, miniature torrents of water poured down and inundated the Te Aro flat, the business portion of the town. It was an uninviting night, but the stimulus of an empty pocket overcame my repugnance to quit the cheerful halls of host Moeller. Luckily the offices of The Post were close handy, so I was not quite drowned by the time I was shaking Gifford by the hand.

He welcomed my advent in a reassuring manner, which eased my mind somewhat as to the inevitable mauvais quart d'heure. We had the usual shop talk. Fisher of the Gulgong Advertiser had died in a fit of delirium tremens, Clarke of The Argus had been dismissed for sending in a glowing criticism of a theatrical performance which had not taken place, Holloway of the Waillato Times was editing the Tauranga Trumpet, Dillon had ratted and now swore by Bogle, the premier of the day; Jock Danderson had abandoned journalism and was keeping a public house, and so forth. Then Master Frank dilated upon his own prospects. He had but two complaints to make—firstly, his proprietor was an old brute; secondly, his subeditor was a young fool. My experience is that most newspaper proprietors are old brutes, and that most subeditors are—not so wise as they would be thought. "Subeditor!" said Frank. "He's excellent at the 'devouring element,' admirable at 'casting a gloom over the entire community' and altogether unapproachable when he has to record the fact that 'our esteemed and enterprising fellow townsmen, Stains & Kircaldie, have added to their emporium a new shop front, which is a credit to the town and quite an ornament to Te Aro street;' but, as to subediting, he knows as much about it as Mount Cook does of a policeman."

Sympathizing deeply with my friend, for I, too, had had bitter experience of paste and scissors men, I suggested that perhaps on the whole it wouldn't be amiss if Mr. Mosely were sent about his business and I were installed in his chair. Frank jumped at the idea, but explained that the "old brute" had an absurd quixotic belief in Mosely because that eminent paste pottist, though not a genius, was always sober.

A deep plot was then concocted whereby the old brute was to be got round and Mosely circumvented. As a part of this plan it was arranged that I should attend a performance to be given that evening at the Odd Fellows' hall by Professor Beda, who described himself as the premier equilibrist tight rope walker of the world and champion prestidigitator of the universe. I was to return to the office and write as excellent an account as I could. "You'll have, in fact," said Frank, "to 'fake' it." And I did.

The rain was still pelting down as I struggled to the hall. The roads were in places two feet deep in water. What with the wind, the rain and the darkness of the streets—there was no gas in Alexander in those days—I had considerable difficulty in getting to the place at all, but at last I reached it, presented my ticket to an attendant who glared at me as savagely as a balked box keeper and entered the room. The place was well lighted, warm and comfortable, and was a pleasing contrast to the horrors of the night outside. A dejected looking pianist was playing a lively tune, and all things were ready for the feast. All things but one—the audience. There wasn't a soul in the place but myself, and I was a deadhead. Seeing that it was now half past 8, and that the performance should have commenced at 8, this did not look promising. However, my business was to report the show, so down I sat and read the programme through half a dozen times, dimly conscious the while that the piano was informing me that "there was a good time coming, boys, only wait a little longer." What with the music and the lulling effect of the raindrops pattering with monotonous regularity on the shingled roof, I fell asleep and awoke to find the dejected pianist thundering out: "There is nae luck about the house; there is nae luck at all."

I looked at my watch. Five minutes to 9, and I was still the oldest inhabitant. There was to be nae luck that night; that was certain. The pianist disappeared behind the curtain. I sat stolidly on. I was there to report that show, and report it I was determined to, whatever happened. Everything happens to him who waits.

This happened to me. Professor Beda, in a shabby suit of evening clothes, looking as though they were suffering from a long course of being let out on hire, came before the curtain, and addressing the audience said, "Sir." The novelty of the exordium aroused my attention, and looking at the professor closely I recognized him. Professor Beda, the premier tight rope dancer of the world and champion prestidigitator of the universe, was no other than Harry Becker, who had been a private in my company of Forest rangers during the war.

"Sir," said he, "I am sorry to see so small an attendance here this evening. However, it is my boast that I never disappoint the public, and though I am afraid the proceeds of the evening's entertainment will barely pay expenses, nevertheless with your kind permission the performance will now proceed."

And it did proceed. As gravely and cheerily as though the hall had been crammed to suffocation the professor went through his entertainment. He borrowed my watch and pounded it in a mortar; he begged the loan of a half crown—it was all I had in the world, but I trusted him with it—he spirited my pocket handkerchief into the center of a candle and performed a number of other tricks with ease and dexterity. All his little jokes and funniments, all the antics of his assistant—Sprightly he was called in the programme—were punctually gone through, and a very fair show it was—for the colonies. When he came to "This concludes the first portion of the entertainment. There will be an intermission of 10 minutes," I could stand it no longer. The melancholy pianist was announced to sing a comic song, which perhaps precipitated my decision. I asked him to tell Professor Beda that the audience would be glad to speak to him for a minute or two. I "went round."

"I am glad to see you, sir," said the professor. "Pray be seated. May I offer you a little whisky and water? You are a gentleman of the press, sir, I understand."

Yes. I represented The Post and was there to do his show.

"I thought, sir, I would give you a specimen of what I can do, and if you'd like it I am quite prepared to go through the whole entertainment."

I explained that there was no occasion for that, because I could write about it quite as well without seeing it—perhaps better. If "'gentlemen of the press" were to confine themselves to what they see, the business would soon go to the dogs.

We had some whisky and water, and the professor began to talk less formally.

"Well, sir, they told me down south Alexander was one of the best pitches in the profession. It doesn't look much like it. Seems to me about the one horsedest place ever I was in, except Naipaw, and that ain't even a one donkey place. Not a soul in the house but you, sir, and this here blessed show has cost me out of pocket £5 10. Paid in advance too. A couple o' pound for the hall and the lights, a pound for the pianner, a couple o' pound for fixing up the rope and 10 bob for a money taker. Think of that, sir! Ain't it hard? Ain't it cruel? Ten bob for a money taker!"

That did seem hard indeed, but I explained that I thought that shows usually took especial care to have a money taker of their own for obvious reasons.

"So they do, sir, and so do I. My wife takes the money always—always has done ever since I took to the business—but my luck's dead out. She's up at Britten's—you know, sir, the hotel—in bed with a smashed foot. Some clumsy fool on the Star of the South as we were coming here from the south lets a great packing case right on her foot and smashes her. The doctor says she'll be a fortnight or better. Ten bob for a money taker! If it ain't the cruelest thing as ever I hear! And then the rain! Did anybody ever see it rain like it? It's been a-coming down, down, down like this for three blessed days. Not a soul in the house. Ten bob for a money taker! Help yourself, sir."

I suggested that he might have better luck the next night and corroborated the opinion he had heard down south that Alexander was an excellent place as a rule for performances of all kinds.

"No, sir. The luck's out, and I'm about broke, that's what I am, and I ain't got the money. There's the hall, they will have it in advance; there's the pianner, they wants that in advance, and there's the advertisements, not a line they'll give me till I've paid for today's ads, nor a line, not The Post, nor The Independent, nor none of 'em. 'Advance New Zealand.' That's their motto, is it? Pay in advance it ought to be. Ten bob for a money taker!"

Then a brilliant idea occurred to me. The professor was stone broke. So was I. I knew what the professor did not apparently—that these black nor'easters at Alexander never lasted more than three days. In all probability the next day would be bright and lovely, cold and sunshiny. If so, the sloppy roads would in a few hours be hard, firm and dry, for the soil is limestone. I knew how prone the people of all conditions were to shows. The money for the hall and the "pianner" I could borrow from Gifford. The ads I could manage with a little persuasion, not unmixed with cheek, and as to the money taker I'd be my own, so that "10 bob" and the mortification attaching thereto would be saved. Happy thought! I'd risk it.

"Professor Beda," said I, "otherwise Harry Becker"—he gave a start—"yes, you were in my company of the Forest rangers. I've grown a beard since and altered a good deal no doubt. Now, professor, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay for the hall and the 'pianner,' and the ads tomorrow. You do your entertainment. I'll take the money, and after £10 we'll share the receipts."

"I should never have known you, sir, with that beard. The old Forest rangers! Do you remember Captain Ross being shot alongside me and you, sir, at Waiapu? How he did bleed! I should never have known you, sir. Well, sir, I'll tell you what it is, it ain't no risk to me, and I'll do it. I can't be no worse off than I am. How I'm to leave the town and pay the hotel and doctor and passage money on to Tauranga, blessed if I know. I'll do it, sir. Shake hands on it. It's a bargain. Me and you divides after 10 pound."

We cemented that arrangement with another whisky, and away I posted to the office of The Post. The venture looked unpromising enough. The rain was still sluicing down with purposeful pertinacity. I half repented of my bargain. But the bond was as binding as though it had been signed, sealed and delivered and witnessed by all the attorneys on the rolls. So I sloshed my way to the office of The Post knee deep in mud and water. The "old brute" had not turned up and was, in fact, on one of his "bursts," as certain fits of temporary aberration are called in the colony. I propounded the matter to Gifford. He was more cautious than to me appeared good. But I wooed him with my golden tongue, not only out of the harmless necessary fiver, but out of a letter to the other papers, guaranteeing the money for the next day's ads.

"How about the show?" said Gifford. "Magnificent! You wait and see what I write about it when I return." And away I went to The Independent and The Herald, polished up the professor's ads, and as no report had been done at either place I wrote as puffing a paragraph as I thought they would stand for each paper and then hurried back to The Post to concoct as flaming an account as I could contrive, and I think I may say that it was strong. I may even venture to go further and to say that it was about as glowing as such notices can be made. Repeated applications to Roget's Thesaurus were necessary. Gifford, who was reading my slips as I finished them, objected once or twice. "Come, I say, this is too hot. The old man'll have a fit." The old man was the "old brute."

"Well, from what you tell me," I replied, "he's likely to have one anyhow, so it won't matter." Had the professor been Houdin, Heller, the Wizard of the North and Herr Frikell combined I couldn't have been more lavish of my admiration.

It is usual to conclude this kind of article with some notice of the audience present, and here for a minute or two I was fairly nonplused. But the old story occurred to me of the audience of one at the Portsmouth theater. The performance was proceeding merrily when the manager missed the audience. Hurrying to the front, he asked anxiously, "Where, where is the audience?" "Sir," said the boxkeeper, "he has gone to get some beer, but he is delighted with the performance and says he'll be back in a minute." "Let business proceed," said the manager. And it did proceed. Why I do not know, but this story suggested to me a way out of the difficulty I was in. I concluded with the following peroration: "Altogether Professor Beda's entertainment is one of the most admirable and entertaining that have ever visited Alexander or the colonies. At its conclusion the entire audience arose as one man and applauded the professor to the echo." It must indeed have been "to the echo."

Gifford was nervous about the article; but, as I pointed out to him, no one could possibly contradict a word that I had written, and ultimately my notice, which extended over a column and a quarter, was allowed to pass holus bolus.

The rain had ceased when I returned at 3 in the morning to the hotel. Half a dozen times before daybreak I was out of bed inspecting the weather. No rain, the clouds had cleared off, and at 5 o'clock the stars were shining. A cold, bright morning succeeded. At breakfast I heard people asking, "Were you at the hall last night?" "No. Were you?" "No." At luncheon the mayor of the city said, "It's an odd thing; I've asked every one I've seen today about the performance at the Odd Fellows' hall, and not a soul seems to have been there." And I inwardly thanked Mr. Mayor for an excellent advertisement.

The professor and the other persons concerned held their tongues. I had to make it worth their while to do so. "Ten bob for a money taker" developed into a promise of a sovereign if the show paid.

And pay it did. The seat plan at Lyon's, the bookseller, was well spotted with names by 5 o'clock. It was an off day at the house of representatives, it was the height of the Alexander season, and the evening turned out one of those brilliant, cold, starlight nights that New Zealand alone can produce. The doors were opened at half past 7, and I ensconced myself, wearing a pair of green spectacles, in the pay place. The melancholy musician struck up a lively tune, and at 17 minutes to 8 the first shilling for a back seat came in. I have it now. Luckily shillings and half crowns came in plentifully at first, for had any one tendered a sovereign and wanted change I should have been considerably embarrassed. By and by the front seats (5 shillings) began to pour in, and up to a quarter past 8 I was taking money as fast as I could receive it.

The show was a great success—to us. What the audience thought of it I don't know. I do know that the professor and I divided £53 12s. 6d. The plot succeeded, the old brute was malleable, Mosley became "our reporter," and I was for two years subeditor of the Alexander Daily Post.—R. Halkett Lord in London Theater.

# A BUDDHIST PRIEST.

## TWO TRAVELERS HAVE AN INTERESTING TALK WITH HIM.

**They Found Him In Ceylon, Where the Original Buddhism Is Maintained—The Chaplain Asked Questions, but Was Not Converted by the Answers.**

My companion, the chaplain, has a keen interest in all psychological questions and especially in the development of the religious man. In Japan and China he pursued his investigations without rest, but he had never found the opportunity for which he longed—to talk with some authoritative exponent of Buddhism. Here in Kandy the opportunity offered, and it was speedily embraced. I decided to go along to give a layman's view of the interview. We learned that we could see and talk with the high priest by means of an interpreter. Now, Ceylon, you must know, is the place where the original Buddhism has been maintained. In Japan and China it has been modified and corrupted. In Ceylon you still find the real article. Besides, Kandy, from having so important a relic as the Buddha's tooth—large enough to serve as a dentist's sign—is the very holy of holies of Buddhism. To this place must the seeker after truth come, and here we were, the secret almost within sight and hearing. So we meandered half way round the lovely embowered lake which adorns Kandy—an artificial construction of the Kandyan kings, 300 years old, fed by a pure mountain stream—and came to a maze of stone buildings, under bo trees and spreading palms.

At the entrance we were joined by a numerous retinue of priests and monks, draped in mantles about the size of sheets, yellow in color, arranged to leave the right arm and shoulder bare. This is the costume of one sect. The other covers both shoulders. We were conducted through narrow ways, under projecting leaves, which gave a pleasant shelter from the tropical sun, and with considerable flurry were introduced into a room opening on a gallery occupied by a single old man. He was reclining on a lounge, and as his yellow robe had slipped down he presented the appearance of a spare bronze figure. He slowly rose to receive us, adjusting his flowing robe. Chairs were brought for us, and we sat down, while the attendant priests stood about, curious in picturesque attitudes.

Saving the chaplain for the more knotty points, I announced through the interpreter that we were travelers from America, having a lively interest in the country, students of all forms of human development and happy to be able to meet and converse with one who stands high in the Buddhist faith; that the name and fame of Buddha were not unknown to us, and that we came respectfully to learn more of his teachings; that there were admirers of Buddha and Buddhism in our country who would be glad to hear what he could tell us better than anybody else.

The high priest bowed and furtively scratched his side under the loose folds of his robe. We took this as a favorable symptom, and the chaplain squared himself for the delivery of questions which had been growing hotter and hotter within him for three months. He asked leading questions in his impatience to get on, and I cannot undertake to follow them in their order. But the substance of what we learned was that Buddhism is the one true way, and he who obeys its laws obtains peace. The five points of the law prohibit killing, lying, stealing, unchastity and intemperance. The chaplain asked if all the priests in Ceylon are celibates. The answer came out rather slowly that they are all required to be, and that when it is discovered that one is not he is disrobed and can be priest no more.

We were informed that Buddhism is kept in its purity in Ceylon, and that Kandy is undoubtedly the true center of it, because it has the Buddha's tooth. They have a catechism which is taught to the youth, and the priests give ethical instruction to the people by preaching and teaching at stated times. The law against killing animals is very strict. The chaplain asked the high priest if he would kill a cobra. He said he would not. "What would you do if one came into your room?" asked the chaplain. The reply was that he would remove him. To the question, "What is understood by Nirvana?" the answer was that it was a state of perfect peace, no desire unsatisfied, conscious happiness. One of the other priests put in a remark which seemed intended to modify the last expression. He said: "In a warm day we are fanned. We cannot see the air, but it gives us pleasure." They used metaphors in several cases. They spoke of life as a candle burning in the wind, which disturbed its flame. Protected, it burns steadily.

The chaplain asked if they believed in God. The reply was that there are many gods—some good, some bad. But who created the world? It came into existence spontaneously. It could not do otherwise, as a cocoanut tree bears cocoanuts and no other fruit.

The old gentleman spoke sententiously. His teeth, unlike Buddha's, have not been preserved. He seemed rather amused at some of the questions, and he frequently scratched himself under his robe. There are about 60 priests and monks attached to this temple. They arise at 4 o'clock in the morning, devote some hours to study, then go out with their bowls on begging expeditions, return to study in the afternoon, clean up the buildings and grounds, go to bed at 10. They are not wholly dependent on what they get by begging.

I do not think the chaplain will become a Buddhist. He did not get anything to convince him that Buddhism is the only right way.—Cor. Boston Herald.

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At Saltsburg, Austria, a man was kept prisoner in a cellar for 15 years, during which time he never saw a human face.

No. 1893 Men's Size. The World's Fair Watch.
Solid Gold Decorated Watch. 14k. Gold
Filled Case. Price $25.00.

No. 1893 is a genuine Waltham watch in one of the handsomest cases ever made. The works are nickel and contain compensation balance, safety pinion, stem wind and set and all the greatest improvements. The case is one of the thinnest filled gold watch cases ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, railroadmen and all others who wish a really first-class article. The full-size figure of Columbus on the back is made of raised solid gold. In his hand he holds a flag. On the front is a raised gold representation of the western hemisphere which is accurate in every detail. Around this "world" is a solid gold wreath. We shall withdraw this offer very soon because there are very few of these watches left. The supply will probably be exhausted by Dec. 1. Returnable in three days if not as guaranteed. Price, including safe delivery, only $25, in hunting case, and $23 in open face. Address

"THE CITIZEN," 69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

### Mme. Patti's Proudest Moment.

Mr. Arthur Warren asked Mme. Patti what had been the proudest experience in her career. "For a great and unexpected honor most gracefully tendered," said Patti, "I have experienced nothing that has touched me deeper than a compliment paid by the Prince of Wales and a distinguished company at a dinner given in honor of the Duke of York and the Princess May a little while before their wedding. The dinner was given by Mr. Alfred Rothschild, one of my oldest and best friends. There were many royalties present and more dukes and duchesses than I can easily remember. During the ceremonies the Prince of Wales arose and, to my great astonishment, proposed the health of his "old and valued friend, Mme. Patti." He made such a pretty speech and in the course of it said that he had first seen and heard me in Philadelphia in 1860, when I sang in "Martha," and that since then his own attendance at what he was good enough to call my "victories in the realm of song" had been among his most pleasant recollections. He recalled the fact that his wife had held up little Prince George, in whose honor we were this night assembled, and bade him kiss me, so that in after life he might say that he had 'kissed the famous Mme. Patti.' And then, do you know, that whole company of royalty, nobility and men of genius rose and cheered me and drank my health."—Popular Magazine.

### An Apache Sea Cook.

Since the days of William Kidd, the talented but unfortunate buccaneer of the Spanish main, there has been a halo of romance over the head of sea cooks. Not one, however, is himself a more unique specimen than the cook of the British ship John Cooke. The vessel is now lying at the Santa Fe wharf after a long and dangerous voyage from Cardiff.

The cook is a full blooded Apache Indian, born in the White mountains of Arizona. His people, the terrible White mountain and Tonto Apaches, have caused no end of trouble to the troops and settlers in Arizona. This man was named Tumashancy (Silver River) and was taken when still a child to Mexico, where he was raised. He has followed the sea for the greater part of his life and has visited every part of the globe, learning several languages, including English, and becoming some years ago a member of the Masonic fraternity.

In civilization he is known as John Levin. He is quite dark, with the Indian physiognomy, and although 60 years of age appears hardly in middle life. He has a Mexican wife and family living on the peninsula of Lower California and says that this is his last voyage. He was picked up in Liverpool by Captain Lillia of the John Cooke. Levin, or Silver River, is an intelligent fellow and a good sea cook and does not seem to be half as bloodthirsty as many other cooks with a far different pedigree.—San Diego (Cal.) Union.

### Earthworms Not Blind.

James Weir, Jr., in a curious little study in evolution, shows that all the five senses of man are found in the lower forms of animal life. Darwin, while admitting that earthworms are sensible to light, maintains that they are blind. Weir, in The North American Review, maintains the contrary. He says that the circumscribed spots on the dorsal surface of the worm are primitive eyes. The microscope reveals in these spots a transparent membrane, an accumulation of pigmentary matter, a special nerve spread out in this matter and extending to the central nerve structure. The membrane is the cornea, the pigmentary matter a retina and the special nerve an optic nerve. As there is no lens, the worm can distinguish only light and darkness. The arrangements for the sense of touch are not materially different from those in man. The sense which they are without is that of hearing, but sound waves are conveyed to the sensorium through the sense of touch. That worms have taste and smell can be proved by experiments with food. As to smell, put musk near them, and it is amusing to see them hunting their holes to escape it. "The nerves of taste and smell are blended together and can readily be made out with the microscope in the lips, so to speak, of the oral pouch."—Pittsburg Times.

### Very Like a Whale.

The excavation of the ruins of Carthage promises to yield valuable results. The explorers of the Mound of St. Louis have come upon a wall composed entirely of large amphoræ bedded in earth, the numbers of which run vaguely into thousands.

A sinking of the soil has not left many intact, but the most interesting portions, the stamp of inscription which showed the name of the maker and the date of the wine, can generally be recovered in perfect preservation.

The most curious find, however, recorded so far is that of large fragments of a whale's skeleton among the ruins of what is supposed to be the capitol. Although completely buried in the earth, this was not a marine deposit, nor even a relic of the primitive days when Proteus, as the poet says, "Pecus egit altos visere montes."

The mystery is cleared up in a letter of St. Augustine to his friend Deogratias, written in 408 A. D., wherein he makes mention of a bellua marina, "now on exhibition" at Carthage, to prove that Jonah could have found comfortable accommodation for three days' sojourn in the belly of a whale.—Cosmos.

### Candid.

Hostess (to Bobby, who is dining out with his mother)—Will you have another piece of pie, Bobby?

Bobby—Yes'm.

Hostess (smilingly)—And so you are one of the fortunate little boys whose mammas let them have a second piece of pie?

Bobby—Yes'm. She does when we're out visiting, but at home I never get but one piece.—New York Telegram.

### A Costly Ton of Coal.

On Jan. 10, 1789, 13 men brought a wagon with a ton of coal from Loughborough in Leicestershire, to London, as a present to the then Prince of Wales. When they were emptied into the cellar, the clerk of the cellars gave them 4 guineas, and as soon as the prince was informed of it his highness sent them 20 guineas and ordered them a pot of beer each man. They performed their journey, which is 111 miles, in 11 days, and drew the coal all the way without any relief.—London Tit-Bits.

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The law requires Albany saloons to close at a certain hour. The excuse of one violator, charged with keeping open all night, was that his brother had gone out of town, taking the keys with him, and he could not lock up.

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The bee is an artistic upholsterer. It lines its nest with the leaves of flowers, always choosing such as have bright colors. They are invariably cut in circles so exact that no compass would make them more true.

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Daniel Webster still lives to some people in this country. Letters are still occasionally received at Marshfield postoffice addressed to "Hon. Daniel Webster."

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The Cathedral of Kazan in St. Petersburg has sold as many as 33,092 consecrated wax candles at prices ranging from 3 kopecks to a ruble apiece.

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"Æsop's Fables," by Caxton, published in 1484, was the first book printed, it is said, with its pages numbered.

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The grave need never associate with the gay unless they choose. But the gay must eventually go to the grave.

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William Newcomb of Stafford Springs, Conn., is the only American who ever married his mother-in-law. He was divorced from her daughter. He has children from both marriages.

It is intended to organize a stock company with $600,000 capital at Chicago to move the Manufacturers building to the lake front.

Daughters of the American Revolution re elected Mrs. Stevenson, wife of the vice president, as their head.

Robert McBurney of Rhinelander, Wis., was arrested on complaint of his divorced wife for murdering his child two years ago.

Charles Mitchell and James J. Corbett sparred at Madison Square garden, New York, before 8,000 spectators.

## BOWLDER TRANSPORTATION.

### Some Striking Examples of the Workings of the Ice Age.

An immense area of the northeastern states, extending south to New York, and then westward in an irregular line to Cincinnati and St. Louis, is almost wholly covered with a deposit of drift material, in which rocks of various sizes are imbedded, while other rocks, often of enormous size, lie upon the surface. These blocks have been carefully studied by the American geologists, and they present us with some very interesting facts. Not only are the distances from which they have been transported very great, but in very many cases they are found at a greater elevation than the place from which they must have come.

Professor G. F. Wright found an enormous accumulation of bowlders on a sandstone plateau in Monroe county, Pa. Many of these bowlders were granite and must have come either from the Adirondack mountains, 200 miles to the north, or from the Canadian highlands, still farther away. This accumulation of bowlders was 70 or 80 feet high, and it extended many miles, descending into a deep valley 1,000 feet below the plateau in a nearly continuous line, forming part of the southern moraine of the great American ice sheet.

On the Kentucky hills, about 12 miles south of Cincinnati, conglomerate bowlders containing pebbles of red jasper can be traced to a limited outcrop of the same rock in Canada, to the north of Lake Huron, more than 600 miles distant, and similar bowlders have been found at intervals over the whole intervening country. In both these cases the blocks must have passed over intervening valleys and hills, the latter as high or nearly as high as the source whence the rocks were derived.

Even more remarkable are numerous bowlders of Heidelberg limestone on the summit of the Blue Ridge in Pennsylvania, which must have been brought from ledges at least 500 feet lower than the places upon which they now lie. The Blue Ridge itself shows remarkable signs of glacial abrasion in a well defined shoulder marking the southern limit of the ice (as indicated also by heaps of drifts and erratics), so that Mr. Wright concludes that several hundred feet of the ridge have been worn away by the ice.

The crowning example of bowlder transportation is, however, afforded by the blocks of light gray gneiss discovered by Professor Hitchcock on the summit of Mount Washington, over 6,000 feet above sea level, and identified with Bethlehem gneiss, whose nearest outcrop is in Jefferson, several miles to the northwest and 3,000 or 4,000 feet lower than Mount Washington.—A. R. Wallace in Fortnightly Review.

### Wrecks and Salvage.

Given a ship in a safe position as regards valuable property on board, but an uncertain position as regards diving operations, and she may be to the divers a "stand by" for years—notably, for example, in the case of the steamship Cadiz, wrecked in 1875 near Ushant, having on board valuable pig lead and quicksilver in large iron bottles. The Salvage association had a standing contract with divers, and year after year, when nothing more remunerative was on hand, the diving cutters would sail out from Whitstable for the wreck.

When the news of the loss of this vessel was first received, some chagrined underwriters made known to the Salvage association that in a box in the captain's cabin was a jeweled hunting knife valued at £7,000, belonging to a Portuguese nobleman. The exact spot in which the box was bestowed was carefully explained to the divers, but all their efforts to find it were in vain, or so they affirmed. Lead they could see in plenty, and quicksilver, but nothing at all resembling a box with a jewel hilted knife in it. At this stage, however, they were paid not by results, but by time, and it suggested itself that the thickness of the water might be cleared by the offer of a special 5 per cent, or £350, for the recovery of the knife, and, by a singular coincidence, the costly toy was immediately found and brought to the surface.—Westminster Review.

### Crystallizing Flowers.

A writer remarks that the process of crystallizing flowers is simple and can be satisfactorily accomplished by any one who has artistic skill.

Arrange some basket forms of any desired pattern with pliable copper wire and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves—in fact, any flowers except full blown roses—and sink them in a solution of alum of one pound to a gallon of water.

Wait until the solution has cooled, as the colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystallized alum will hold them faster than when formed in a hot solution.

When you have a light covering of crystals that completely envelops the articles, remove cheerfully and allow it to drip for 12 hours. These baskets make a unique ornament and long preserve their freshness.—Popular Science News.

### A Rice Diet.

"I don't know but I shall take to eating with chop sticks soon," said a Springfield paterfamilias the other day. "We've got to living on rice at our house. My little girl goes to cooking school, and her mother says unless she can practice what she is taught the instruction will be of no use to her. They've been having half a dozen lessons on what to do with rice, and now we have rice at every meal. We've rung the changes on rice soup, rice pudding, snowballs, rice cakes, rice fritters, rice gems and apples and rice till I wonder I'm not jabbering the lingo of a heathen Chinese."—Springfield Homestead.

### Revolt Against Bound Feet.

The Bridgman School For Girls at Peking has recently determined to receive no more girls with bound feet. The native Christians at Peking, as the result of an enthusiastic meeting, have formed an anti foot binding society.—Ram's Horn.

## SOME OLD TIME GAMES.

### Many of the Present Day Sports Were Borrowed From the Past.

It is curious to note how some of the games of the early ages have been handed down to the present time. The game, for instance, known to most of us as odd and even was also a favorite with the young Egyptian, and many of the little counters that he used are still preserved in the British museum. There is also the game of drafts, which was played on a checkered board in the earliest times. The poor children were content with draftsmen and boxes made of rough pieces of clay, but the richer ones usually had beautifully carved iron headed draftsmen and boxes.

The young Greeks, too, were well provided with toys and games for their amusement. The toys were chiefly dolls made of baked clay, the arms and legs being jointed with string, and therefore movable. They had a favorite game called Chytriand, which has been preserved through many ages, and is now played by boys of today under the well known name of puss in the corner. In France the game is called quatre coins, or four corners. Both in the old game and in the modern version five players are required, one occupying each of the corners, while the fifth player stands in the middle. In ancient Greece he wore an earthen pipkin on his head and was called pot; in France at the present day he is the nigaud, or simpleton, and by us is called puss.

To guess the number of fingers another held up was also a favorite amusement, and this, too, is frequently played at the present time. So you see how carefully the character of the amusements and the playthings of the very early ages has been maintained in the toys and games in use today.—Newcastle Chronicle.

### Save the Forests.

Some years ago the government of Bavaria sent a skilled forester to study the conditions of timber growth in the United States. While here he made the remark, as if speaking of a matter generally known and accepted:

"In 50 years you will have to import your timber, and as you will probably prefer American kinds we shall begin to grow them, in order to be ready to send them to you at the proper time."

What an instance of scientific forethought, and withal what a warning!

Perhaps it is not yet too late to grow on our own lands the timber we shall need a generation or two hence, but if we are to do so it is time to take rigorous steps to stop reckless forest destruction and to encourage scientific cultivation.

While our government sells outright its forest lands for $2.50 an acre, France obtains almost exactly the same sum yearly from each acre of its forest land by sales of timber. We spend our capital; France makes an income, and safeguards its capital.

Palissy, the famous French potter, who was wise in other things as well as in porcelain, declared that the neglect of forests in his day was "not a mistake, but a calamity and a curse for France." That country has since learned the lesson. When will ours follow its example?—Youth's Companion.

### Cotton Gins.

Some recent improvements in cotton gins are claimed to insure much greater economy and efficiency than have hitherto been attained, the difficulty being now overcome of obtaining the full length of the various staples on account of the machinery in use tearing the lint before the parting of the entire length of the fiber from the rollers. As now improved, the machine is so constructed as to allow all changes for meeting these various lengths in staples to be made without even having to stop the operator from his work, whereas the gin now in use not only necessitates the stopping of the machine, but requires a great amount of time in which to effect the change. Another improvement in this machine is an appliance in connection with the inner blade, consisting of a spring which allows it to give when the pressure of cotton passing through the roller is too severe, thus preventing the inner and outer blades from coming in contact with each other. The great wear of the roller is by this means saved.—New York Sun.

### Mickey and Con.

A book minded scion of the Verdant Isle was seeking intellectual food at the public library and could not quite make up his mind as to the particular literary repast he wished to make. In his hesitation he wandered over to the case where the freshest volumes of the library's store are displayed for the stimulation of mental appetites. Here he saw a book whose title satisfied him that he had found just the thing he wanted. It was "Micah Clarke," by Dr. A. Conan Doyle.

Approaching the attendant, he said:

"Please gimme 'Mickey Clarke,' by Con Doyle, out of that cupboard."

He got the book, but the expression on his face when he came back with it 10 minutes later proved that he had mistaken the nationality of his hero.—Boston Herald.

### Cheerfulness.

That cheerfulness can be cultivated is well illustrated by the story of a lady and gentleman who were in a timber yard, situated by a dirty, foul smelling river.

The lady said, "How good the pine boards smell!"

"Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell this foul river!"

"No, thank you," the lady replied. "I prefer to smell the pine boards."—Ram's Horn.

### Stacked Against Him.

Traveler—Say, my friend, there's no meat in this sandwich.

Waitress—No?

Traveler—Hadn't you better give that pack another shuffle and let me draw again?—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### The Life History of Corals.

The life history of corals is sufficiently remarkable in its sober facts. Like other animals, they produce eggs, from which free swimming young are hatched. But they have two other methods of propagation—namely, gemmation and fissiparity. Between animals and plants in general there is no distinction which makes itself more prominent and obtrusive than the free individual life of the one and the fixed colonial life of the other. By gemmation, the successive putting forth of buds, an industrious vegetable, starting with a seed of insignificant size, may build a massive structure, sometimes 400 feet in height, the resultant of individuals almost innumerable, belonging to hundreds or thousands of generations, all of them the living members of a single family, successively sacrificing their individuality to promote the common good and to share it.

This procedure in plant life is illustrated by an endless diversity of examples, great and small. Whatever exceptions there may be, this, to the ordinary observer, is the customary, the commonplace, the distinctive habit in the vegetable kingdom. Thus it came to pass that men did not believe their own eyes when they met with animals behaving in a way that seemed to be the patent right of vegetables. The isolated sea anemone was well understood, but creatures of precisely similar structure, which took to sprouting out of stems and branches, had to be incontinently handed over to the botanist.—Edinburgh Review.

### In the Struggle For Life.

In tropical countries, where the struggle for life seems to rage even fiercer than in the temperate regions, a vast number of animals have been driven by want to seek their livelihood in the dark through stress of competition. There are the howler monkeys, for example, who make night hideous in large tracts of South American forest, beginning their dismal music as soon as evening sets in and only retiring for the day as dawn purples the horizon.

There are the lemurs of Madagascar, so called because, like ghosts, they walk by night and withdraw at cockcrow—strange, stealthy, noiseless creatures, with great, wistful, poetical eyes and enlarged pupils; monkeys that prey on birds and insects in the gloomy depths of their native forests. There is the slender loris, a graceful and beautiful beast, with eyes like a gazelle's, but treacherous manners, who pounces upon birds as they sleep in their little nests, creeping silently upon them from behind like an Indian upon the warpath, and affording no indication of his hateful presence till he is within arm's reach of his slumbering victim.

These are but a few of the nocturnal mammals of the monkey and lemur type, ancient ancestors of our own, gone wrong through keeping such very late hours, and now stranded for the most part in islands or peninsulas of extreme antiquity.—Cornhill Magazine.

### Serious Side of French Dueling.

Ever since the day when Mark Twain gave the American world his famous picture of the French duel, Americans have laughed at it and classed it with so much that is mock heroic and harmlessly tragic in the French character. And yet the French duel is a very serious thing in France, and particularly in the capital. Every day in Paris there are two duels fought, and 20 per cent of these result fatally or with serious and permanent bodily injury. But these cases rarely attain publicity.

The duel is a serious thing in Paris for three reasons. First, because of the triviality of the causes of these encounters. Secondly, because they are countenanced and justified by the law. Thirdly, because, being upheld by social custom and the French sense of honor, men are forced to duel or face utter disgrace in their respective circles of society and even in their own families.—Providence Journal.

### Several Shades of Green.

In Morrison, Ills., there lives a gentleman by the name of Green. It is now some 20 years since Mr. Green became the delighted father of an infant daughter. In a moment of gay facetiousness, inspired by his joy, he named the baby Olive. It was not many years before Mr. Green was once more a father. Again it was an infant daughter, and the subtle poison of that first christening having worked in his blood he named the second one Myrtle. A third time the joys of paternity became Mr. Green's, and a third infant daughter was added to his household. The father set his teeth grimly, got out the family Bible, and wrote in a firm hand, "Ivy Green." He furthermore assured his friends that if he should be presented with a son and heir he should look out for the youngster's future by naming him "Apple Green," for then no daughter of Eve could ever resist him.—Exchange.

### A Tudor Gallant.

A gallant's toilet was no easy business, and a slow or clumsy servant, no doubt, got many an oath and blow if he failed to tie up the points of the hose, lace the doublet or arrange the stomacher and frilled shirt to his master's satisfaction. A gentleman's dress had so many fastenings, there was so much tying and lacing of his garments together, that it was impossible that he should ever get costumed (sic) without assistance. The long hose had to be securely tied by a number of latchets to the doublet; the doublet itself was laced up the front, and the sleeves, being slashed to show the shirtsleeves, had also to be laced sometimes.—"History of English Dress," Georgiana Hill.

### A Source of Comparative Warmth.

Mrs. Hashcroft—Does the register heat your room, Mr. Billings?

Billings—It seems to when the sun is not shining.

"What on earth has the sun to do with it?"

"Why, when the sun shines into the room it warms up the air a bit, and then the draft from the register feels cold."—Indianapolis Journal.

## A BIT OF RAINMAKING.

### An Effort In the Hebrides Islands That Was Brimful of Success.

Lieutenant Boyle T. Somerville of the English navy, who lived many years in the Hebrides islands, tells the following interesting tale regarding the work of a professional native rainmaker. Toward the end of the year, just after yam planting, there came an unusual period of drought, so that an inland tribe in the island of Ambrym went to its rainmaker and demanded his immediate attention thereto.

He at once set to work to weave a sort of hurdle of the branches and leaves of a tree famed for its rain producing qualities, which, being finished, was placed, with proper incantations, at the bottom of what should have been a water hole in the now parched bed of the mountain torrent. There it was then held in place with stones. Down came the rain; nor did it cease for 48 hours, by which time it had become too much of a good thing. Soon the rain producing hurdle was quite 10 feet under water in the seething torrent, and the people, much to their dismay, saw that their yams and the surrounding earth were beginning to wash away down the hillsides.

The lieutenant continues: "Now mark what comes of fooling with the elements! No man of the hill country was able to dive to the bottom of the water hole to pull up the hurdle with its weight of stones, so the merciless rain still held on. At last the shore natives, accustomed to swimming and diving, heard what the matter was, and some of them coming to the assistance the compeller of the elements was recovered from its watery bed and—the rain stopped!"

It is such a coincidence as this, happening perhaps once in a decade, which causes this people, now thoroughly Christianized, to refuse to give up their rain doctors, although all other outward forms of rank superstition appear to have been freely abandoned.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Cracking of Trees.

The catalpa never shows the "sere and yellow leaf" in autumn like the sumac, hard maple, etc., for the reason that its leaves are caught in a green, unripened state by the first severe frosts. In one night their bright green is turned to a dingy black. This sudden check gorges the cambium layer and new wood of the stem with water. An excess of water swells the protoplasm of the cells to such an extent as to rupture the inelastic bark, and in trees where the cell structure of the wood is not ripe the crack will extend into the wood often with a noise like an explosion. This often occurs in the fall when it is not cold enough to stop plowing. Sometimes we have much loss in nursery in this way with varieties not fully ripe when the first frosts come. Sometimes indeed it injures very hardy varieties. In such cases the swelling of the protoplasm comes from the water absorbed at the ground surface when combined wet and cold come together in autumn. The cracking of cherries and pears comes from the same cause—that is, by absorbing water on wet days, causing an expansion of the protoplasm. With trees the best treatment is to cover the rupture with moist clay and then wrap to exclude the air as much as possible.—Iowa State Register.

### The Crawfish and the Levees.

"Whenever I hear of a break in the levee down in my district, I know that nine chances to one crawfish have caused it. The assertion may sound slightly exaggerated, but it is a fact nevertheless that the troublesome little crawfish work more danger to the levees than does the water. On a big rise, when the bed of the river is stretched from embankment to embankment, the crawfish burrow into the levees and live there in the moist earth. They multiply faster than maggots and loosen up the earth worse than moles.

"The levee may be completely sodded with grass and you see no external evidence of the damage going on within, but when the next big rise comes you will see it. I have frequently known the water to break through the levee two or three feet from the top, and you can attribute it to nothing but the destructive work of crawfish. This was particularly true of the break at Offut's in 1889, when a portion of the town of Greenville was submerged. The builder of the levee in the future will have to take into account the crawfish as one of his most stubborn foes."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

### Swearing.

It may be said without exaggeration that swearing forms an important factor in the masculine vocabulary of nearly every civilized nation. Great writers like Shakespeare knew this. A collection of Shakespearean oaths and epithets with their etymology would fill a volume. Shakespeare realized that they were inseparable from a faithful portrayal of virile human character; that no truthful picture of common life would be possible without the use of that strong vehement language in which men express their emotions. But conventionality forbids to nineteenth century writers what the Elizabethan age not only tolerated, but approved.—Philadelphia Press.

### Whistling on Shipboard.

If you want to see a disgusted man, just whistle on shipboard before a sailor. You never knew a sailor to whistle. He will tell you all about "whistling down the wind," but he could not get up a pucker to save his ship. You remember that old story about a sea captain who refused to take aboard a woman who whistled, and knowing the old superstition feared that with her on board he would be sure of shipwreck. I do not know how it is with the captains of vessels now, for almost every woman seems to know how to whistle and keeps up the fashion.—Detroit Free Press.

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Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O'Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

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Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P O'Donovan, Pres, 115th st, Kensington; Philip J O'Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 854, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

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Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 829 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; J J Bealy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Donhey, Pres, 6339 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

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Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 569 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4730 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4050 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

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Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Folsy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 108 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1087 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 78 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, [illegible] Frossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner [illegible] and Oakley avs.

Laval No [illegible] Adolph Fournier, 2069 Joseph st; R S, [illegible] Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; [illegible] Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, [illegible] 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; [illegible] Meet 1st and 3rd [illegible] Archer av.

St Boniface [illegible] Peter Schommer jr, 102 Corne[illegible] Schommer, 208 W Chicago av; F S, [illegible] Mueller. Meet 1st [illegible]

McMullen [illegible] Thomas H Cannon, 121 Oak st; R S, [illegible] 282 E Division st; F S, M J Lyn[illegible] Meet 1st and [illegible] Mondays in [illegible] Cass st and Chicago av

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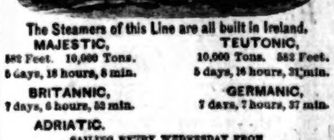

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# REVISED WATCH OFFER.
## WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.
## FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.
## FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

### WALTHAM REPEATER.
### MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

### SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
### MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for............$32.80

### GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
### MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered............$9.60

### HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
### MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered............$10.80

### NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
### WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
### MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for............$5.50

### DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
### MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

### SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
### MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for............$9.75

### SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
### MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only......$9.75

### NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved)............$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved)............$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting............$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face............$10.00

### "THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—No. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

### "THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — No. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

### SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
### LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER No. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very lastest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only............$17.50

### HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
### LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER No. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail............$10

### SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
### LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER No. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for............$9.50

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HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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